THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLIII. No. 1089 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1952 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 53
THE KING MUST CONDONE NO WRONG . . 55
CHURCHILL COMES TO WASHINGTON. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 55
LONDON DIARY. By Critic 56
THIS ENGLAND 57
FOR WHOM THE BELL . . . . By Sagittarius 57
THE PATTERN OF PERSIAN POLITICS. By Kingsley Martin 58
THE PENSIONED LEGION. By C. H. Rolph . 59
AS INDIA VOTES. By Anita Malik . . . 60
WHAT HOPES FROM GERMANY?—II. By Heinrich Fraenkel 60
BACK TO THE STREET. By Nancy Salkeld . 62
A MOUSE OF A DIFFERENT COLOUR. By Edward Hyams 64
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT:
For the Future. By John Berger . . . 64
Knowledge versus Ignorance. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 66
The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 66
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis 67
CORRESPONDENCE 68
From Alexander Grant; Jack Dale; Duncan Leys; E. H. Gardener; A. G. Grant; Bill Pearson; Bertrand de La Salle; Rani Roy.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . . 70
RECITAL. By Michael Hamburger 71
THE GARDEN LAKE. By E. J. Scovell . Page 71
REVIEWS:
The Wicked Animal. By K. Zilliacus . . 71
Spaniards in Sicily. By H. R. Trevor-Roper 72
The Impersonal Touch. By K. John . . 72
Critique of Photographs. By Tom Hopkinson 73
Mountains of Asia. By Peter Duval Smith . 74
New-fangled Detection. By Ralph Partridge 76
Soldier and the Officer. By Marcus Cunliffe 77
Twelve Good Men. By C. R. Hewitt . . 77
SHORTER REVIEWS 78
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 79
CHESS. By Assiac 80

Why This Untimely Burial ?

THE Western Powers long ago fell into the habit of greeting any Soviet proposal with what the *New York Times* calls "great reserve"; less ponderous observers might describe the Western attitude as a mixture of scepticism and dismay. It is sceptical because every Russian move is judged *a priori* to be merely a part of the Communist "peace offensive"; and the dismay springs from the fact that, although the West can always formally outvote the Soviet group in the U.N., the Russians have for months held the public initiative in discussions of peace and disarmament. The reception of Mr. Vyshinsky's speech in the Political Committee last Saturday was no exception to this rule. Despite the apparent advance which his proposals on atomic control made over previous Soviet offers, and despite the interest aroused among the smaller U.N. delegations, his remarks were greeted frigidly by the West, though Mr. Lloyd did promise "conscientious examination."

Mr. Vyshinsky had surprised the West earlier in the week by accepting its amendments to the Soviet resolution calling for an immediate session of the Security Council to discuss the causes of world tension, and especially the stalemate in the Korean truce talks. The West had removed the phrases which would have convened the Council at once, and had struck the Korean item off the proposed agenda. None the less, Mr. Vyshinsky voted with the West for the much modified text. Thus, when he went to the rostrum on Saturday, he could appear as a reasonable man genuinely seeking a basis of agreement. And for all his routine demand for a Five-Power Peace Pact, his attacks upon U.S. base-building, and his demand for an international disarmament conference in July and a one-third reduction in the general level of armaments, his speech contained two concessions of substance.

The first was Soviet agreement to the West's demand that any atomic control plan should provide for inspection on "a continuing basis." The second was the surrender of the Soviet position that atomic weapons must be banned in principle before international control begins. Mr. Vyshinsky now proposes that prohibition and control should be "put into effect simultaneously." It is true that a vague condition is attached to the agreement on continuous inspection, for Mr. Vyshinsky did not explain what was meant by his insistence that the control authority should not "interfere in the domestic affairs of States." It is equally true that the West will not accept atomic control at all unless it is accompanied by an agreement on the reduction of conventional weapons. The difficulty is that East and West are not matching "strengths" of the same kind. On the one hand, the Soviet Union is trying to scale down U.S. atomic supremacy and the bases from which atomic attacks could be launched on the U.S.S.R., on the other, the West has no intention of throwing away its atomic aces so long as the Soviet Union retains superior strength in land forces.

This difficulty is no excuse for refusing to negotiate: the Russian plea for a top-level Disarmament Conference in July might well have been accepted. For the past four years Western rearmament has been justified by its advocates as an attempt to reach a position of bargaining equality with the Russians. There are signs in Mr. Vyshinsky's speech that this point may have already been reached, and that the Soviet Government is anxious to negotiate before Western armaments tip the scale against it, and make the only settlement acceptable to the West one in which the West dictates the terms. It may have been Mr. Vyshinsky's purpose merely to glean a propaganda harvest from his new proposals; and, if the West cynically dismisses them, that is all that will happen. So what is to be gained by untimely burial in the Disarmament Commission? It was the duty of the West to discuss the proposals forthwith on their merits and test them by negotiation. Otherwise, where is the answer to Mr. Vyshinsky's cry, "You ask for deeds, not words: here are deeds"; and where is the West's case that strength is the prelude to negotiation, not dictation?

German Tanks

An official statement in Bonn has now thrown a sharp light on the negotiations which Dr. Adenauer and the Western Powers have lately conducted on the subject of a "German defence contribution." The West German Government desires to reassure its Parliament that there is no question of its being asked to contribute mere "cannon-fodder." To this end, Herr Blank, Commissioner for Security in the West German Government, has given the parliamentary group of the Christian Democrats a full and public estimate of the military forces which the West is prepared to grant to West Germany.

The West German army, Herr Blank declares,

is to consist of 12 divisions of about 13,000 men each. Six of these are to be armoured divisions, each with from 280 to 300 tanks—a total of about 2,000. Three of the remaining six divisions are to be Panzer-grenadiers—lorried infantry linked with their own armour—and each of these three is to have from 150 to 180 tanks, or another 500 tanks in all. Lastly, the other three divisions are to be "motorised infantry," and once again each of these is to have 70 to 90 tanks, making a grand total for tanks of about 2,750 on a war footing. This army of 250,000 men is to have its own tactical air force consisting of another 75,000 men with about 1,500 fighters and light bombers; it will thus be stronger and larger than the assault force which entered the Low Countries and France in 1940. Herr Blank's military experts—and the names of these generals were well known in Hitler's army—are asking for universal military service in Western Germany for a period of 18 months; Herr Blank's statement suggests that it is the Bonn Government's intention to introduce this as soon as politically possible.

U.S. Steel for Britain

The Churchill-Truman agreement under which the U.K. is to receive one million tons of U.S. steel during the current year will go a long way—statistically—to relieve the estimated home deficit of 1½m. tons. How far it will go in practice depends on a number of factors which are not yet known. No one knows yet when the American steel will arrive or in what shapes and sizes. The most acute shortages in this country now appear to be in tubes, rods and high-grade alloys. But the U.S. has similar shortages; and, in default of more detailed information, it may be doubted whether the aid will be either so quick or so effective as industry hopes. The whole of this problematical equation of supply and demand depends on government action to keep demand to essentials, and divert steel from the private stockpiles of the better-placed manufacturers to the men and tools available to use it in any given month. This entails an allocation scheme at least as strict as the one somewhat over-hastily abandoned a couple of years ago. Mr. Sandys will be under heavy pressure from consumer industries to administer the control in an easy-going way. If chaos is to be avoided, he must resist this.

Aluminium and Tin for the U.S.

The other side of the bargain is an undertaking by the British Government to facilitate U.S. purchases of Malayan tin for the stockpile and to divert to the U.S. "part of the supplies" of aluminium now on order for the U.K. from Canada. Thanks to a far-sighted contract negotiated between the Ministry of Supply and the Aluminum Company of Canada at the end of 1950, British aluminium supplies appear at least relatively secure and plentiful; and Mr. Churchill has been enabled by the system of Government purchase to offer Washington a substantial *quid pro quo* without serious damage to U.K. industrial needs. The tin agreement is more speculative. The price is apparently to be £17 a ton below the market price at the time of the Washingon talks. How this is to be achieved in a free market is not revealed; and it is conceivable that it may involve the U.K. Government in a subsidy payment to the Malayan producers. From the Chancellor's point of view, the main effect of this part of the agreement, however it is worked out in detail, will be the resumption of a substantial flow into the sterling pool of U.S. dollars for tin. The initial U.S. purchase is likely to be about 20,000 tons; and this by itself goes almost half-way to offset the dollar cost of the steel imports—a welcome bargain, whether it was first suggested by President Truman or Mr. Churchill.

The Yawning Gap

According to figures issued by the Board of Trade last week-end, the adverse visible trade balance for 1951 was £1,209 million, as compared with £352 million in 1950. For the last quarter of 1951 it was £284 million, as against £373 million in the third quarter. For the whole year, the cost of imports was up by 50 per cent. above that of 1950, and the value of exports by only 19 per cent. The volume of imports rose by about 15 per cent., and that of exports by about 3 per cent. The value of exports to the U.S.A. rose by 15 per cent.—to Canada, only by 9 per cent. These figures tell the story grimly, but they show only a part of the situation which the Commonwealth Finance Ministers have been facing—or should have been facing—at their meetings this week. The British deficit, large as it is, is only a part of the total deficit of the sterling area; and in 1951 the dollar-earning Commonwealth countries ran into deficits of their own as American stock-piling slackened off and raw materials fell from the speculative heights to which they had risen in 1950. Nor, of course, do the 1951 figures show the effects of Mr. Butler's recent import cuts or of any action taken by other sterling area countries to reduce their purchases. The December figures, though better in some respects, showed a sharp fall in exports to North America, and a gap wider than that of November, though less than those of the preceding months.

Voting in India

Election results from India reflect a healthy impatience with the rule of Congress, under whose banner the masses won their independence. In the three southern provinces—Madras, Hyderabad and Travancore-Cochin—where the election is now over, the United Leftist Front, led by the Communists, has emerged as the second strongest party. Discontent with Congress was strong enough in Madras to overthrow three Ministers. In Hyderabad the Communists changed their policy from violence to legality and many of them were released on parole to fight the election; their General Secretary now demands the lifting of the ban on the Party, the release of *détenus*, and freedom from re-arrest for those who exchange their cells for the platform. This spectacular victory for the Left in the South was not repeated in Bombay, regarded as a Left stronghold. The Socialists did badly, as they have done elsewhere, and show that they have not yet secured mass support. The result was a Congress victory, with 64 out of 77 seats for the State Assembly.

Elections are now going on in Congress strongholds. In Orissa and Bihar first results suggest that Congress will easily win a majority; in the United Provinces a large number of dissidents opposing Congress will not defeat it in an area where its organisation is powerful and can exploit to the full the popularity of Pandit Nehru. Elsewhere in North India, the Congress should obtain a majority over parties based on communal rather than political principles. Generally, however, there has been a surprisingly high poll, a large number of women voters, and a machinery which has functioned with surprising ease and success in the face of enormous problems of distances and numbers.

Changes in Malaya

Mr. Lyttelton's important statement announcing the appointment of General Templer as Malayan High Commissioner still leaves us in doubt about the exact extent to which there has been a change of policy. At one time the idea was current that a Supreme Commander was to be appointed. In the event that description has not been used. General Templer is to be "Director of Operations," but not Commander-in-Chief because, as Mr. Lyttelton remarked, the title "seemed unsuitable to the particular circumstances of Malaya." A Deputy High Commissioner on the civil side is to be appointed after consultation with the Sultans and the Legislative Council. Mr. MacDonald, who is, it may be noted, "a very great personal friend" of Mr. Lyttelton, was again referred to in terms which make it seem unlikely that he will be invited to remain at his post as Commissioner-General—and still more unlikely that he will be willing. There is nothing intrinsically wrong with the new set-up as a piece of organisation; and any suspicions of Mr. Lyttelton's ultimate intentions do not encourage us to deny his general proposition that the previous arrangement was cumbersome and not always competently administered. But the new appointment will not be popular with either Malays or Chinese; and if the Government is genuine in wishing, as Mr. Lyttelton said, to "reaffirm their aims concerning political development and advancement" General Templer must lose no time in demonstrating that his views are more liberal than is sometimes alleged. It is a very great pity if Mr. MacDonald is to depart under a cloud. We have not always agreed with his appreciations, least of all with his uncharacteristic affection for Bao Dai; but much of the Labour Government's sensible policy towards China and South-East Asia has sprung from his imaginative advice and refusal to be stampeded by either his colleagues or the British press.

The Strained String

Our Paris Correspondent writes: "The string of international relations is being strained beyond endurance! Stop before it snaps!" When Mr. Vyshinsky said this in his speech last Saturday, one could not help feeling that there was a genuine note of anxiety in his voice. Perhaps Vyshinsky was not this time just trying to score a propaganda success? The two disarmament plans? They had in effect been shelved. Vyshinsky evidently decided that, before U.N. broke up, it was essential to reopen the debate. Yet the first official reactions from the West

were cautious, to say the least. Mr. Lloyd's proposal not to discuss the matter at the Assembly, but simply to refer it to the somewhat academic Disarmament Commission, acted like a cold shower.

What Vyshinsky said on Korea also struck many sympathetic chords. "You keep telling me," Vyshinsky said, "that we only have to say one word to the North Koreans. I can reply as well: 'Yes, you also only have to say one word to Ridgway,' and the war will end." Let U.N., he pleaded, return to live issues, such as Korea: "These are its life-blood." An old League of Nations hand remarked: "Why, one is almost back in the days of Litvinov!" He was only half-joking.

Election Year Programme

A correspondent writes: Mr. Truman's report to Congress on the State of the Union was scarcely the challenging programme of a man who seeks re-election. Four years ago, he was hurling demands for social legislation at the head of the "do-nothing" Congress and preparing for a campaign in which the Eightieth Congress rather than Governor Dewey was his chosen opponent. Last week, in a lame and defensive speech, he reported on the progress made in the past year in "turning back the Chinese Communist invasion," building security arrangements in the Pacific and in Europe, and in raising U.S. arms production three times, to a total of $16 billion, for the equipment of 3.5 million in the three Services. He conceded that Defence preparations have "endangered the continued recovery of our allies"—thus clearing the way for a renewed request for foreign aid funds—and implied that America's own arms budget would again be increased.

When the President turned to domestic issues, however, his legislative programme was trimmed down to a demand for a "strong anti-inflation law," revision (no longer repeal) of the Taft-Hartley Act, a study (no more a proposal) of national health insurance, and "action toward" greater civil rights. The Fair Deal, which elected him in 1948, has virtually disappeared. Two deductions are possible from this speech. First, that it seems unlikely that Mr. Truman intends to run again and that, by playing down the Fair Deal, he is clearing the way for the nomination of a "unity" candidate who would repair the breach between Fair Dealers and Dixiecrats. Secondly, that he believes that Congress for the next six months will be the battleground for the Taft and Eisenhower factions. If he wishes Congress to pass his Defence and foreign aid appropriations, he cannot tolerate an additional partisan and time-consuming debate about the Fair Deal.

WITHOUT COMMENT

Mr Acheson asked that the British agree to allow Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalist Government to sign the Japanese Peace Treaty for Formosa.

Mr. Eden was opposed to this on a number of grounds . . . Nevertheless, Mr. Acheson pressed his point on the score that the Senate would ratify the Japanese Treaty more willingly if Chiang Kai-shek were allowed to participate. In the last analysis the British felt there was very little they could do.

They could not break with the United States on the issue. They needed the financial and military help of the United States, so their tendency . . . was to go along, even though they felt the decision was fundamentally wrong.

James Reston, in the "New York Times," January 13.

The King Must Condone No Wrong

THE KING'S decision to break his forthcoming cruise with a stay at Dr. Malan's country house in Southern Natal has been the subject of more criticism among the public than the newspapers have revealed. Such criticism is intelligibly hushed up lest it should seem ungracious at a time when everyone wishes to extend warm wishes for His Majesty's restoration to health. But the criticism detracts nothing from the universal appreciation of the way in which the present King has devoted himself to his tedious constitutional job or from the real desire that he should be free to enjoy the peaceful convalescence which he needs.

It is precisely because of this fund of goodwill, cutting across party divisions, that we hope the King's advisers will take note of the criticism. By accepting Dr. Malan's hospitality, particularly at a time when, with the official celebrations in April of van Riebeeck's Day, racial tension is likely to reach a dangerous point, His Majesty is put into the unhappy position of seeming to give some personal countenance to one of the most controversial political figures of the Commonwealth, and inevitably of seeming to range himself against the views of all his non-White as well as a majority of his White subjects. The visit will be especially mistrusted in India and Pakistan, where any suggestion that the British Crown supports Dr. Malan in his discrimination against the Indian minorities in South Africa must damage the new-found good relations which Mr. Attlee's Government called into being.

For the racial policies of Dr. Malan's Government are regarded as a betrayal of British standards of civilisation and humanity, not only in the Union, but all over the Commonwealth and far beyond it. To the non-White populations of the Commonwealth Dr. Malan's policy has become a symbol little less evocative than Hitler's to the Jews. In this country and, we believe, the other White countries of the Commonwealth, all shades of opinion from the Centre to the extreme Left are together in their disgust at policies which are the negation of all democratic and Christian ideas of human relations. The degree of unanimity, indeed, with which this opinion is held is one which comes only when the public conscience is shocked into a simple judgment between right and wrong.

That the King's intention is not, even by implication, to take sides in one of the bitterest political controversies of the century goes without saying. But this is not enough. The figures of Royalty acquire a significance in which their private actions assume public importance; and this is especially true in a constitutional monarchy where the function of kingship is little more than the concrete expression of the deep, intangible public will. No matter how many official disclaimers are published, this visit at this moment will certainly be interpreted as an exceptional mark of favour towards Dr. Malan, who is, after all, a party leader and not the non-political Governor-General. It cannot fail to cause a widespread resentment against the visit and, we fear, to impair the great and well-deserved popularity of the King himself. This is all the more regrettable because it would be both unnecessary and unjust. We trust that those whose duty it is to advise his Majesty will realise the error of judgment which has been made. It would not be difficult to make arrangements for the King to enjoy his convalescence in the gentle climate of the South African autumn without affronting the deep feelings of so many who wish him well.

Churchill Comes to Washington

IT was a bleak wintry day—the previous night's snow melting into slush—when Mr. Churchill arrived at Washington airport. Since I wanted to see what really happened, I stayed at home in front of a television set. There, sure enough, just after twelve o'clock, was the Old Man stepping very slowly and carefully down the long gangway. And there was a very young-looking Mr. Truman to hold his elbow and take him very gently to the car. At the British Embassy, the day before, I had heard great anxiety expressed about Mr. Churchill's television appearances. Americans think of him as the bulldog of 1940. Would they be shocked by his obvious frailness and still more obvious deafness, when millions of them, sitting at home, saw him from a few feet off? The answer seems to be "no." "Whatever anyone may say, he is a gentleman," was the comment of the man in our local drug-store. "If we had any sense, we should hire his voice," said a wealthy Senator. "We've no one like him to speak for our country."

This nostalgia for leadership—intensified, of course, by the commencement of an election year—permeates Washington. It largely explains the very genuine personal success of Mr. Churchill's visit and it will provide, I suspect, the motive force of Eisenhower's campaign. Even those who hated F.D.R. admit sourly that, so long as he was there, American politics remained on a high level. Under him there was the sense, if not always the reality, of courageous purpose: his policies might be detestable, but at least they were on the grand scale. Now, at a moment when every American feels that the world crisis calls for inspired leadership, Washington is a city of humdrum politicians. The Democratic Administration has wellnigh disintegrated under a President whose honesty and integrity are identified with the interests of a party corrupted by twenty years of unbroken office. Mr. Acheson at the State Department—very ably assisted by Mr. Lovett at the Pentagon—juts out of this sea of mediocrity, a lonely eminence of ability. He behaves like a very moral man in a very immoral society. If the scurrilous campaign against him had produced his dismissal, whatever continuity and consistency American policy displays would have vanished.

Thus, though the precise moment of Mr. Churchill's visit—the opening of a new session of Congress in election year—could hardly have

been more inconvenient, the opportunity it presented was immense. Washington is going through a period of acute second thoughts about America's role in Europe. Since the announcement of the Truman Doctrine in 1947, "Internationalism" has been the dogma of every right-minded person, apart from such detached eccentrics as Walter Lippmann and the Old Guard Republicans round Mr. Taft. Quite uncritically, it was identified with the containment of Communism, and so with support for the Defence and Military Aid programmes. You were either *for* them, without qualification, or you were an isolationist or fellow-traveller.

But recently the flaws in the doctrine have begun to appear. All the officials with whom I talked in State Department and Pentagon, on Mr. Harriman's staff and in the innumerable other agencies, are now ready to agree that the 1951 Defence plans were hurriedly concocted in an atmosphere of near-panic, and with little regard to economic feasibility. The Air Force, for instance, demanded more nickel for jet production than the total world supply, and the Army's budget for blankets alone would have absorbed the whole Australian wool crop. Moreover, raw material shortages have caused an acute spasm of unemployment in Detroit, which could easily spread, unless Mr. Charles Wilson and Mr. Lovett restrain the ambitious generals in the Pentagon. At present there are signs that they are both willing and able to do so. Despite General Vandenberg, the strategic bomber programme has been drastically cut back; and when I left Washington, next year's Defence budget was still being pruned to suit a Congress which, for the next ten months, will be much more concerned about the complaints of the taxpayer than the strength of the armed forces.

This has its effect on American foreign policy. The Russian menace has suddenly receded, and awareness of America's own difficulties has made officials in Washington a great deal more sympathetic to British and French pleas that N.A.T.O. defence plans should be brought into conformity with the economic realities of Western Europe. Even the ticklish issues of German rearmament, European political union and British coal and steel supplies can now be discussed rationally and without rancour. I met no one in the State Department, for instance, who did not at once quite frankly admit that Mr. Acheson's handling of German rearmament in September, 1950, was a grave mistake, and that Britain's refusal to join the European Army is entirely justified.

But America faces *two* oceans. Mention the Pacific in Washington and the cool, reasonable atmosphere of discussions about Europe is replaced by the sultry heat of moral dogma and anti-Communist crusade. It is no accident that General MacArthur and Senator McCarthy do not bother to acquaint themselves with European problems. Ever since the Spanish-American War, the Pacific Ocean has been the American Lake, the area where the isolationist intervenes and the anti-Imperialist acts in terms of Empire. Europe will remain a secondary issue in American domestic politics, and that is why we can hope that, even in election year, it will be discussed with some regard to realities. There can be no such hope with regard to Korea and China.

It is difficult to describe the intensity of the passion which these topics arouse. At lunch with a group of enlightened Catholic educationalists, I found no serious opposition when, in answer to a question, I described the extent of our trade with Russia. But there was an appalled silence when I said a mild word in favour of our policy in Hongkong, until someone said, "That is too much. You approve of trading with the Chinese enemy." Partly, no doubt, these belligerent sentiments are due to the Korean war itself. One hundred thousand casualties and the home letters of disgruntled soldiers have had an immense effect on public morale. Unlike ourselves, Americans regard themselves as already at war with China, a war fought for no conceivable American strategic or economic interest, but solely on behalf of the United Nations. Moreover, they feel intensely that they have been cheated of victory in this war by the restrictions placed on their strategic air force and by the failure of their allies to join them in the fighting. MacArthur, the Old Soldier, has faded away, but MacArthurism has prevailed, fusing isolationists and internationalists into a monolithic public opinion, which is unwilling to tolerate any independent thinking on the subject.

To talk of McCarthy, however, or of the generals in the Pentagon as the whole cause of the trouble is absurd. While America is quite definitely not thinking in terms of war against Russia, she does accept the inevitability of a show-down in the Pacific. Those who should know best assure me that it is Mr. Acheson himself who has become the stern protagonist of this line, and who now believes that it is America's duty to persuade the United Nations, come what may, to punish China for her sins of aggression. I doubt if there was ever a chance, once the Korean war had started, of persuading the U.S. to seek a negotiated settlement with Communist China. If there was one, it has certainly disappeared now, at least until after the American elections. This means that, unless the cease-fire talks can be continued indefinitely, the risks of full-scale war in the Far East will steadily grow throughout 1952. I was told quite frankly, in both the State Department and the Pentagon, that the U.S. is not prepared, if the armistice talks break down, to resume the war on its old, restricted basis, now that the Chinese and North Koreans have air parity; any Chinese offensive will at once be met by heavy strategic bombing across the Yalu River. A similar strategy is in preparation for Indo-China. The French have been sternly told that, if they seek an armistice with Viet-Nam, they will be guilty of appeasement, and they have now been promised full-scale United Nations sanctions if Chinese volunteers cross the frontier. Since these sanctions cannot be enforced on land (no British or American troops are available), strategic bombing of China and a naval blockade will have to be used.

My impression is that Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden did very little to moderate this policy. Indeed, it looks as though they acquiesced in it. When briefing correspondents about the talks, the State Department spokesman emphasised that Mr. Churchill's attitude to China was markedly different from that of his predecessor, and that on this point "real progress had been achieved." If this is true, the Prime Minister may be in very serious trouble when he returns to London. It is easy to understand American impatience at the frustrations of Korea. But I doubt whether the British people would tolerate an attempt to use the authority of the United Nations for an all-out onslaught on China.

On Thursday, Mr. Churchill will be addressing a joint session of Congress, and at least one-third of the American people will view his speech on their television sets. This could be his opportunity. Owing partly to domestic politics, partly to the Korean war, America's China policy has been imprisoned in a cage of ideology and dogma. It is a principle of democracy not to resort to war until every possible method of negotiation has been tried. In the case of Communist China, that principle has been jettisoned by the Americans. They are steeling themselves for war and denying themselves even the possibility of negotiation. Mr. Churchill's task should be to warn the Americans of the consequences of this policy, and to help them to find a way towards peaceful negotiation. He could say things to them which they would tolerate from no one else, and give them the leadership which, at least until next November, no American can provide.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

Washington, Tuesday.

London Diary

THE ghosts of a past that many of us thought buried beyond recall are creeping back one by one. For ghosts, indeed, some of them have remarkably heavy feet. The latest to catch my attention is the solid figure of Prince Starhemberg, once the handsome *condottiero* of the Austrian *Heimwehr* and the man who was responsible, more than anyone else, for the persecution of the Austrian Left during the Dollfuss regime. Starhemberg played a leading part in the violence of 1934 in Austria, and, as the close friend of Mussolini, was regarded as Austria's "strong man." His *Heimwehr* was a model from which even the Nazis learnt something. He fled abroad when Hitler seized Austria in 1938, and found his way eventually to Argentina where he purchased an estate near La Cumbro. The Nazis expropriated all his 82 estates in Upper and Lower Austria, incorporating them in the two *Reichsgaue* of Oberdonau and Niederdonau. No sooner had the smoke of battle cleared after 1945 than the Prince—arguing, like the late August Thyssen, that he was "a victim of Fascism"—demanded that all his estates be returned to him. Such is the strength of the Right in the present Austrian regime that Starhemberg was able to secure practical possession of all his estates but one—the vineyard of Senftenberg—by 1948. Now, a few days ago, an Austrian court has given legal sanction to this act of restitution, and Starhemberg is once more one of the wealthiest men in Austria. I gather that the Austrian Social-Democrats are bitterly indignant about this.

* * *

Brought up in a political atmosphere so mild and tolerant as ours, one discovers with a shock

in some parts of the world the deep fanaticism of apparently reasonable and sensible people. I was taught a lesson about this the other day in Beirut when I had a delicious Arab lunch with a Lebanese friend who had lived long in the West, and was apparently quite accustomed to dispassionate discussion of international problems. He seemed so thoroughly internationally minded that I allowed the conversation to drift on to the problem of Arab refugees and the Arab-Jewish problem in general. After a time, I incautiously remarked that while the Arab case against the State of Israel was clear enough, it must be remembered that to the Jews the picture was entirely different. I made some strong points on the Israelis' side. There was a pause, and then my Arab friend said very politely: "Well, I am afraid I have an appointment now. It has been very nice to see you. . . ." Outside the restaurant I endeavoured to put things right; I asked if I had said something to offend him. . . . He cut me short: "Oh, no, not at all. I am entirely impartial in this matter. After all, some of my best friends are Jews. Of course, I do not know whether you are a Jew. . . ."

Our friendship, which I much valued, was over. Though my Scottish, English and Huguenot grandparents might rise from the dead to testify to the absence of Jewish blood in my veins, nothing in the future would be of any avail. At best, I might be "one of his best friends."

* * *

I wonder what the local Tories are telling Mr. Macmillan as he makes his first tour of the New Towns. Some of them, certainly, are hoping that the promised cuts in capital investment will stop the threatened influx of Londoners, who are mostly working-class people who tend to vote Labour. I see, for instance, that the Hemel Hempstead Council has voted—with only the solitary Labour Councillor dissenting—for an early halt in the New Town's unwelcome growth. Other Tories, who seem to resent the changes the New Town is already making, are already talking about the New Town as a "Siberia" to which wretched slaves of the Welfare State are being deported! The *Hemel Hempstead Gazette*, taking its cue, last week exclaimed dramatically that there was "basically no difference" between the "mass deportations in Iron Curtain countries" and "the transportation of a lesser number a shorter distance if it be against their will and inclination. . . . Both savour of despotism and intolerance." The editor even rose to heights of eloquence about the sufferings of old folk dragged from their homes and friends and deported to foreign parts—usually, in fact, a few hundred yards away. I wonder if Tory M.P.s who sit for the districts from which the "New Townees" are to come are saying the same. They may be rather more keen to see the New Towns expand so that the pioneering work started by Labour may help them creep towards their 300,000 houses.

* * *

Critic found himself sitting amongst the stars on Saturday at the Cup Tie between Blackpool and West Ham at Upton Park. Denis Compton was only a couple of seats away, and Jack Train and other celebrated people were just in front. Critic felt very grand. It was his first soccer match for a very long time. Naively perhaps, he thought it ominous when Blackpool set a live duck in the middle of the field before the game began, but he was told that this is Blackpool's regular joke and that it is seldom that the team fails to score. They were a bigger and altogether more swanky lot than West Ham, but West Ham seemed very much invigorated by playing on their own ground and they pushed last year's finalists around as if they had been quite an ordinary lot. Critic was bewildered by the problem of the great Stanley Matthews. Maybe the key was that having been out of the game with a bad knee for a couple of months, it was thought unwise to over-work him. Whenever he got the ball, he lived precisely up to his reputation, slipping past experienced and younger players as if he did not see them, or rather as if they did not see him. In the second half no one sent him the ball at all. Critic read all the great expert football critics in the Sunday newspapers and none explained why the most famous of all British football stars should have been starved. No doubt there was a good reason. Critic found the match immensely exciting and has asked the Editor to appoint Critic as Sports Editor.

* * *

It is true that the workers always get the dirty end of the stick and it may be argued that all is fair in love and class war. But we really cannot support the argument of the Wolverhampton and District Secretary of the A.E.U. that employers should, in effect, pay the workers a bonus for going to see a football match. The argument is that, according to the national agreement, a man gets time and a half for working outside usual working hours. Therefore if he leaves work for four hours on a Wednesday afternoon to see Wolverhampton play football, and then agrees to make up the time by working on Saturday, he must get time and a half pay! On this basis, one would suppose that no work at all would be done anywhere where there is a football match on a Wednesday.

The case cannot be sustained? No, clearly not, but it is a nice Merrie England sort of notion, and we gather that the Wolverhampton employers will not quarrel about it. Perhaps they want to go to the football match themselves.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5 - for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

The rector of —— will have a little explaining to do when he returns from Yugoslavia. His churchwardens say the rector, in his eagerness to get Francis Matosic, Yugoslav insideforward, for Bristol City F.C., left his parish without consulting them.—*News Chronicle.* (D. L. L. Clarke.)

A British spokesman told the United Nations in Paris yesterday that abolition of flogging in African trust territories was not possible because many Africans believed in it.—*Reynolds.* (W. Farrer.)

The R.H.S. memorandum makes the further very sensible suggestion that the term "bastard trenching" should now be dropped, as the more pleasing term, "double digging," means exactly the same thing.—*Amateur Gardening.* (Stanley Harknett.)

A fully ordained priest working in a factory might be useful during lunch-hours.—Letter in *News Chronicle.* (E. J. Mornement.)

There could hardly be a more English county than NORFOLK, and it is perhaps a true index of its Englishness that it does not appear to be enthusiastic about "culture," and that its Education Committee was one of the last to adopt the Burnham Scale.—*Countryman.* (M. Stumbles.)

One lady wants unfurnished flat about April 1st; 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, modernised; Knightsbridge or Mayfair; staff 3; cannot pay high rent.—Advt. in *The Times.* (S. Austin.)

FOR WHOM THE BELL . . .

"The Western formula amounts to a candid and cynical tolling of the bells over the untimely death of the Security Council."—*Mr. Vyshinsky.*

Hear the tolling of the bells—
UNO bells!
What cynical reflections their cacophony compels!
What unreserved confessions
Of inveterate distrust,
What malevolent expressions
Of mutual disgust,
What venomous invective and vituperation swells
In the clashing and the gnashing of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Council bells!
As the veto of the Council the alert Assembly quells!
Hear Vyshinsky's lamentation,
As that candid cynic sighs,
Whose non-co-operation
Forced suspended animation
And its subsequent demise!
Now the bells all out of tune
Are announcing, none too soon,
That the Council is deceased,
For the decomposing carcase insalubriously smells
As the wranglers and the wanglers bang the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Charter bells!
What unrelieved disaster their dismal message tells!
With two worlds antagonistic
Peace is now unrealistic,
And the drilled Assembly votes
While the snarling shepherds keep
The democratic sheep
From the Communistic goats.
Do not ask how UNO's giants
Can persuade the herded clients
To ignore the Charter rules—
When allegiance is demanded
(To be cynically candid)
They are tools.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Passing bells!
As the Powers dispute control,
Rolling up the Charter scroll,
While the rolling, tolling boom
The dirge of UNO knells,
The common people too
Must with realism view
The warning ominous!
Do not ask for whom they toll—
As the boding echoes roll—
They toll for us!
The groaning of the bells
The end of UNO tells
And optimistic hopefulness decisively dispels,
As the Disunited Nations toll the bells.

SAGITTARIUS

Ensure obtaining your copy of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by placing a definite order with your newsagent or becoming a direct postal subscriber. Full particulars of postal and air express subscriptions are given on page 79. Classified advertisement rates will be found on page 84.

The Pattern of Persian Politics

A visitor to Britain would be pardonably puzzled if, in answer to his first inquiry about English politics, he was told that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Harry Pollitt were conspiring to assassinate Mr. Churchill, but could not decide whether to make Sir Waldron Smithers or the Lord Chamberlain Prime Minister in his place. He would be more puzzled still if the next politician he talked with explained that, on the contrary, Mr. Eden and Mr. Attlee were working together to fill the administration with Communists so that, at an appropriate moment, they could sell the country to the Soviet Union.

Answers of this kind are the usual response to any political inquiry in Teheran. Some said Dr. Mossadeq was really a Liberal in bond to the Muslim Brotherhood. Others that, as a great landowner himself, he was an extreme reactionary who was personally responsible for the great brutality with which police suppressed a demonstration of schoolchildren protesting against an increase of fees and some political expulsions. I learnt from eye-witnesses that this event had been underplayed, not exaggerated, in the world press. No one knew how many were killed; there was argument about whether shots were fired into the crowd or over the children's heads, but there was no doubt that the crowd was charged with lorries, while one witness had seen a boy of about fourteen being clubbed into insensibility by several police at the same time, and another had seen a policeman trampling a small girl's face into the mud. I was told of worse things than this. Mossadeq's popularity is said to have suffered from this event. After all, even if many of the schoolchildren and students were Communists, there might be less lethal methods of convincing them of error. I wonder whether the Iranian authorities know that the decisive event in the victory of Communism in China was a similar murder of youth demonstrators by the Kuomintang police?

I had just about digested this picture of savage reaction when I was told by a veteran of Persian politics that Mossadeq's Government was shockingly lenient to the Communists and that a number of the most influential administrators—and I was given a list—are ex-Communists, who may now be conscious Kerenskys paving the way for revolution. Such statements are easy to make in a country where there are no party loyalties or principles, but only shifting groups. Nearly all members of the Majlis belong to the rich land-owning class; they could not have got there otherwise. All of them agreed that the oil should be nationalised. Everyone, whatever his politics, attacks the British. The difference is that those in office apparently wish to clear the country of foreigners, especially the British, while their opponents, wanting a compromise with the British, have shut themselves up in the Majlis in order that they may state their point of view without having their arguments refuted by the clubs and stones of their political opponents. The leader of this Opposition, Jamal Emami, has now taken a leaf out of the Prime Minister's book: he may be interviewed at certain hours in his bed in the Majlis. I should perhaps add to further complicate the pattern that when one asks who would succeed Dr. Mossadeq if he were to retire or meet with an accident, one is told that no one in this Opposition group would have a chance nor would any of the older statesmen like Gavam es-Sultaneh. Mr. Makki, now head of the new Oil Board and a supporter of Mossadeq, would be a likely successor, but there might always be an intermediary period in which the country could call on the services of Hossein Ala, the aristocratic and polished Minister of Court, who was once, for a short time, Prime Minister, but who greatly prefers to stand close at the side of the young Shah, a decent, weak, young man of mildly progressive temperament who would need the strength of Hercules to cleanse the Augean stable of Persian politics.

From this heterogeneous collection of facts it will be seen that confident prophecy about the future of Persia is even more hazardous than most political prophecy. Here is not precisely a dictatorship; Iran may be more accurately described as a decadent police State. There are no political parties. It is said that three Persian politicians in agreement make a Parliamentary group, and that if they hire a body of thugs and assassins, they rank as a political party. The only undeniably strong and organised party is the Tudeh Party, which has no legal existence. It is certainly controlled by the Communists and, as a party, can only work underground. Popular Front bodies, however, are tolerated. One can visit without molestation (but no doubt under police observation) a Peace House not far from the British Embassy in Teheran, and I attended a press conference given by a sturdy group of intellectuals who call themselves the organisation against the "foreign ownership of petrol." They were protesting against the "imperialist threat" of an oil settlement through the International Bank. Broadly, all intellectuals, that is teachers and students of all ages, clerks, doctors, lawyers and so forth are, if not Communist, at least sympathetic to Communism. But that the Tudeh Party extends beyond this was shown the next day when some thousands of demonstrators met with anti-imperialist banners and speeches and slogans in one of Teheran's main squares. Since the Tudeh Party is illegal, there are no Communist or Tudeh candidates standing at the election, but there is a large sprinkling of candidates whom every informed person knows to be *Communisants*. There is no difficulty about standing for the Majlis. Anyone who wishes may announce in the press or by loud-speaker van that he intends to be a candidate.

I was told by people of many political persuasions that Communism in Iran is now inevitable. Sooner or later, they say, the Government will come to an end of the expedients by which the unemployed in Abadan are paid wages; sooner or later—and probably sooner—light and power and transport will break down from lack of maintenance; sooner or later, and probably much sooner, the Government will be unable to pay the civil service, the police and the soldiers. There will be a general breakdown and rioting; the Communists will show their hand all over the country, and, before long, find an opportunity of taking power. On this point there is some difference between the official American and British views. The Americans tend to prophesy this revolution with much more certainty than the British, who feel that the Iran Government may yet hold out for a long time. But the difference is not very substantial, since the British have no positive policy for preventing Communism. They merely hope that, with patience and the necessary help of the more respectable reactionaries, revolution may be indefinitely postponed. Persia is like a lizard that goes on living on a low level even though its tail is chopped off.

I was surprised how often I heard the view expressed by British residents and foreign diplomats that any responsible and educated Iranian must be sympathetic to Communism. I was also lucky enough to hear this issue debated amongst a group of able young Iranian technicians.

There were some whose fear of Communism was such that they hoped against hope for a gradualist transformation of the social system. Others pooh-poohed this as wishful thinking and asked whether the rich men of Iran would give up their land at request, and what chance there was of building a disinterested or uncorrupt Socialist Party? The one subject on which there was complete unanimity was the impossibility of things remaining as they are. In Iran the main obstacles to revolution are that the intellectuals are comfortable and unorganised and the downtrodden not yet political conscious.

Most Iranians were concentrating on keeping warm when I was in the country. Teheran and much of the habitable part of Persia is five thousand, or more, feet above sea level. At this time of the year it is at least as cold as we in England ever expect during any winter. In the hotels and big houses oil stoves quickly make life bearable. But for a large part of the population there seemed to be no form of heating available. The streets of Teheran on a frosty day look rather like a minute edition of Calcutta which by some freak of nature had been frozen. Many, I think, sleep in the streets at night. During the day, one sees small boys wearing the flimsiest of cotton trousers with a coat which is no more than a few patches tied together. Few of them have socks inside their broken slippers. Their fathers and mothers and sisters look scarcely warmer. Not one man in twenty appeared to me to have a whole suit, and I walked along the street in a thick winter overcoat acutely aware that I was the only person in sight who was not shivering.

I stayed for a few days at Isfahan. My window looked out on to a garden that in the spring and summer is no doubt all that is conjured up by the Arabian Nights and the Rubayat of Omar Khayyam, but which in January was white with frost. A gardener was digging a little hole in the earth and making a fire of sticks and dried leaves. When it was crackling, he beckoned to his small boy who came running out from a veranda to warm his bare feet and hands by the fire. His father proceeded to dress him by the garden fire, just as our mothers used to dress us by the nursery grate. I realised that like thousands of other children in Iran, he had actually no place to live at all. Wherever one could build a tiny fire in the freezing ground was his nursery. Destitution in Iran means literally having no food or shelter, and I heard of one town where not long ago a survey showed that nearly one-third of the population was, in this literal and precise sense, destitute.

It will be said that the cold lasts for no more than two to three months; and that it will serve to kill off many of the older people and to prevent too many babies surviving. It will also be truly said that there has been some improvement in industrial conditions in Iran; I saw a well-run and well-equipped modern textile factory in Isfahan and there were others like it. In this area the Americans had some excellent Point Four schemes. But these things scarcely affect the picture. The typical member of Persian society is a worker on the land who is paid on a share-cropping system which varies from one part of the country to another, but which always leaves him helpless and at a level not much above animal poverty. The land is mainly divided into great estates; a landowner may own forty or fifty or a hundred villages. He is as powerful and absolute as an Egyptian pasha. He is also as wealthy in terms of property, though no part of Iran produces cash crops like the Egyptian Delta, and the landlord has less money to spend on

expensive women and streamlined American cars. His power is as absolute as that of any feudal landlord in history. I came upon unchallengeable evidence that he may—and sometimes does—flog his male and female servants as he likes, and my inquiries did not suggest that he would suffer serious inconvenience if any of them died. I do not suggest that such atrocities are common; I cannot make any estimate.

More perhaps was to be learnt from a conversation with one of the most enlightened, rich and Westernised of Persian aristocrats. His description of his own country confirmed all I have written here. He was doubtful whether any settlement of oil with the West was possible. If Averil Harriman and Stokes, he said, could not reach a compromise with Mossadeq, what chance had even influential individual Iranians? The whole political situation seemed to him corrupt and hopeless. So did the economic situation. The peasants, he thought, needed a much larger share of the annual crop and some of the land ought to be distributed. He did not specify how much of his own vast acres he was prepared to yield. He deplored the decadence and corruption of the country. He was happy to talk to enlightened foreigners and hoped we would explain the miserable plight of Iran abroad. . . .

As we left his most comfortable and tasteful house, and said goodbye to his beautiful wife and children, the friend who was with me said: "It would have been very like that to visit some well-meaning and liberal Archduke somewhere in southern Russia in 1916, don't you think?"

KINGSLEY MARTIN

The Pensioned Legion

I BELIEVE I had regarded the British Legion as a ceremonial association of standard-bearers; tall men, square-shouldered and spikily-moustached, with miniature medal-ribbons where other men carry their fountain-pens. They held rallies in Hyde Park, organised local observances of remembrance about the last war but one, and played darts in cheerless premises that no one else would use.

They are much more interesting than this. I should have guessed they were, because they attract such volleys of contradictory abuse from the politically minded; they are at once Communist-controlled, Tory-trimmed and Labour-led; they are at once fellow-travellers, wooden soldiers, King's men, old faithfuls, malcontents and agitators. They are all these, I find, because the extraordinary range of their welfare work among ex-Service men and their families has brought them more and more into contact with the politically susceptible forces directing the Welfare State. I got interested in them because a man I know, who was wanting to buy a house and sadly contemplating a £150 gap between the sum he could scrape together and the minimum that he must deposit, suddenly secured an interest-free House Purchase Loan of £150 from the British Legion. Congratulating him, I said I didn't know he was a member. "I wasn't," he said, "and I needn't be now. I've joined because this has opened my eyes to the kind of thing they're doing. And anyone can join who has been in the fighting services."

The Legion is about a million strong, has 5,399 branches, and has received as much as £1,000,000 from a single Poppy Day collection; but for each member it assists, in numerous ways which it groups under Work, Health, Homes and Security, nine non-members are similarly helped. Its funds are publicly subscribed, not for the British Legion but for ex-Service men and women. It advances business loans, trains taxi-drivers, supports candidates for the ministry, runs employment bureaux and its own factories making textiles and furniture, employs about 500 car-park attendants, maintains 350 crippled men making poppies and wreaths for Armistice Day, and sponsors an industrial village settlement for tuberculous patients and their families. It supplies temporary surgical aids to people waiting for State appliances, pays weekly allowances and medical expenses to thousands of permanently disabled men and women, has eight homes for the convalescent and aged, and pays for structural alterations to adapt the homes of crippled men to their special needs. Its housing programme comprises loans, boarding allowances for children, removal expenses, comforts for people in public institutions, and the renting of about 500 "Haig Homes."

But one of its main jobs, though the least spectacular, is the negotiation of pension claims. The filing system for pension claims in the Legion's Pall Mall headquarters would serve as a model of business efficiency. It takes less than a minute to find a man's pension file among the normally current 12,000—and the ones I saw were about two inches thick with correspondence and medical reports. (Headquarters alone has negotiated 380,000 claims.) The independent tribunals set up locally by the Ministry of Pensions were themselves the consequence of a British Legion initiative, and its record of successes before these and in the High Court is impressive. Many ex-Service men, with minor disabilities, allowed their war gratuities to fill their immediate vista to the horizon, making no application for pension. Thousands of men "invalided out" were confident that they could get work. And claims which are still being made, thirty-five years late, for pensions arising out of the 1914 war, would in many cases never be made at all but that the British Legion's committee-men know the conditions of entitlement—and the ropes.

It is representative of the growth of British institutions that this kind of welfare work should in time become the concern of the State, even though the need for voluntary work may never be eliminated. That process is now going on with regard to disabled war pensioners. While Mr. Marquand was Minister of Pensions he established, in June, 1948, a War Pensioners' Welfare Service. The Ministry, whose record of humanity and fair dealing is universally acknowledged, then sent trained Welfare Officers to all its local branches and hospitals. Instead, therefore, of waiting for pensioners to report their own difficulties, more than a quarter of a million of them have been sought out and asked whether they are receiving the benefits due to them.

The Ministry and the British Legion work together with the greatest amity; but they have a difference. So far as concerns the settlement of individual pension claims, the bulk of the work has now been done. The Ministry believes that the real task remaining is to ensure that every man knows what he is entitled to and gets it. The British Legion, to say nothing of the greater number of war pensioners who do not belong to it, maintains that the pensions themselves are to-day pitifully inadequate. In 1919, the basic pension for total disability was fixed at 40s. a week. For 1914 warriors it stood unchanged until 1946. In 1939, the rate for men of the second war was fixed at only 32s. 6d., but by gradual increases it drew level with the older pension in 1943. In 1946, the rate for both was made 45s. The Legion's present campaign for an increase—and not, by the way, for another Select Committee—asks how this rise, from 40s. in 1919 to 45s. to-day, compares with contemporary increases in wages, salaries and old-age pensions, and with the changed value of the pound?

It has a strong case. The Ministry's policy in recent years has been not to raise the basic 45s., but to increase where necessary the "supplementary allowances." These are at present 35s. for "unemployability"—this entails forfeiture of National Insurance sickness benefit; 20s. for reduced earning capacity, which of course is not available to the 100 per cent disabled; 40s. as a "constant attendance" allowance for pensioners who cannot live alone; and a 10s. "comforts allowance," largely for those in public institutions. These allowances—I have quoted the absolute maximum in each case—benefit only 41,000 people out of the 706,000 drawing disability pensions. They are given at the Minister's discretion, and (by contrast with the basic pension award) there is no appeal. And, of course, there is inherent in them a "means test."

The basic 45s., says the British Legion, is compensation for loss of amenities, not for loss of employment; disabled men earn wages only by their own courage and determination. The basic rate (much less than 45s. in most cases) avowedly seeks to assess a man's loss of amenities in cash terms, and yet it is worth about half what it was when the assessment was made. The Legion asks that it be doubled, though this, says the Ministry, would cost a decreasing £32,000,000 a year. The basic pension is tax-free and subject to no means test—people with comfortable incomes are in receipt of it. But this was also the case in 1919, and even if the new welfare services had made good the difference, their universal application sets them apart altogether from the purpose of war pensions. These are the highlights of the campaign.

But the Legion is not less concerned than the Ministry with welfare work. Nearly every branch has a Service Committee, meeting weekly to help and advise in cases of distress and difficulty among ex-Service men and their families. I went to one of these meetings and was reminded once again, in flesh and blood, that people are living on old age pensions plus public assistance—a total income for an aged married couple, for example, of about £3 10s. a week. About 30 people, few of them having any connection with the British Legion, came in one by one from an ante-room to the cramped little make-shift office where the committee of eight men and women sat at a table, and were advised, told of their rights, given small cash presents for Christmas, or supplied with vouchers exchangeable for food at local stores. A British Legion club, of course, uses the rest of the premises, and, as with clubs of any kind that "go in for good works," there is a majority membership that takes small interest in the welfare work. But it is work of great social value, made easier by the fact that it is ostentatiously unofficial, poor folk being interviewed and helped by their own kind with the minimum of formality. And these committees, by the way, seem to me the most likely people to convince sceptical applicants that the receipt of public assistance will not again entail submission to the means test. ("I won't have them people sniffing round my place no more.")

Whatever the result of the pensions campaign, the Legion's welfare organisation is now a vast and experienced service. The rallies and church parades and medal ribbons may have their cohesive value; but for myself, in future, the welfare work is the Legion's ample and splendid justification.

C. H. ROLPH

As India Votes

As the general election—India's great experiment in democracy—gathers momentum, party symbols —such as the two bullocks for the Congress and the tree for the Socialists—help to guide illiterate electors. For the older voter the choice is simple: either the Congress, whose dramatic struggle for freedom formed a part of his youth, or some communal party which appeals to the orthodoxy latent in him. But not so for the youthful voter. For the average, educated young Indian—and the majority of these can be described as having Leftist leanings, a burning desire to see economic problems tackled first and the complete elimination of religion from politics—the reaction is one of frustration mixed with bewilderment.

Many of us, indeed, felt a faint flicker of interest some time ago when Acharya Kripalani, once president of the Congress and now in eclipse, walked out of the party after charging it with corruption. Again, there was Pandit Nehru's encounter with the last Congress president, Purshottom Das Tandon—a victory against orthodoxy. Here, one felt, was the Nehru one had worshipped. He would purge the Congress of corrupt elements and show himself to be the Socialist he has often called himself. The Congress, one hoped, would lean more and more to the Left and the younger element would come to the fore. But Nehru let us down. The Hamlet in him hesitated. Though he became president of the Congress, all the old elements remained.

Up to a few weeks ago, early election propaganda consisted of two distinct trends. On the one hand the Congress kept on the defensive: "By whom will you replace us?" "Is it not wonderful we have kept the administration going at all?" On the other hand, the opposition had nothing to offer except mud-slinging of a feeble variety and occasional downright abuse. In the villages and districts, local party leaders had been haranguing the masses in the good old tub-thumping style of the non-co-operation days. Gandhiji's name was quoted literally Right and Left. But it was an unequal fight. The Congress merely has to remind the villager that it got rid of the British Raj. He dumbly nods his head, having been sat upon for too long to reason out whether the Congress has improved his condition.

As far as the educated, politically conscious voter is concerned, intelligent election propaganda had been practically absent. One heard distantly of election manifestos, elaborately prepared, but these have not reached even a fraction of the voters. My first personal contact with the elections was a leaflet from an Independent candidate. It began "A Vote for Me is a Vote for the Bottle." Someone, it seemed, had made an imaginative approach at last. The candidate was Fram Bulsara, a young Parsi journalist who became famous when he challenged the Prohibition law of the Bombay Government as an encroachment on civil liberties. He fought his "test" case right up to the Supreme Court and lost, but not without honour. Two humiliating clauses were removed: no longer did a drinker have to declare himself an "addict" before getting a liquor permit. And medicines containing alcohol were removed from the forbidden list. If Bombay can now get drunk on *Tr. Zingiberis* it owes its thanks entirely to Bulsara. Perhaps I shall give him my vote for the States Assembly. He flattered my ego by making a personal appeal. Besides, I like my glass of sherry in the evening.

However, party leaders have recently made some approach to the electorate through the press. The first election forum was run by the *Statesman*. Party leaders put down in black and white what they stood for in the way of principles and what they had to offer in the way of practical politics. Here, at last, was a chance for the literate voter to pick and choose.

Sri Prakasa, who put forth the Congress case, is renowned for his sense of humour, and is affectionately known as a liberal, tactful and good man. He has been by turns Party Whip, our first High Commissioner in Pakistan, the Governor of Assam and, now, Minister for National Resources and Scientific Research. His statement was typical. But all his persuasion and charm could not hide the fact that the Congress arguments were still negative: "Put up with the Congress." "Be thankful that things are not worse than they are." Only the spokesman of a party without effective opposition would have omitted reference to avoidable economic blunders, notorious administrative scandals and well-known cases of corruption and nepotism.

Acharya Kripalani, the founder of the new Kisan Mazdoor Praja Party, replied to charges that he left the Congress out of pique. But what had he to offer us? Only destructive criticism of the Congress and a party programme which reads like a re-hash of the vague Congress promises of not-so-long-ago. Anyone who votes for this party of have-nots will do so out of personal loyalty to those who have followed Acharya into the wilderness. Others will have been shrewd enough to notice that some of the most corrupt politicians now shelter under his wing.

The Indian Socialist Party is modelled on the British Labour Party, with a heavy emphasis on Laski. This non-extremist, anti-Communist party could have had both popular and intellectual appeal. But in a country loving a dramatic leadership it has only one colourful personality, Jaya Prakash Narayan, friend of Nehru, whose Scarlet Pimpernel escapes from prison during the 1942 Quit India movement made him a hero with the masses. The rest are armchair planners with no dynamic to mobilise followers. The party has a fairly firm grip over the urban trade unions, but the vast potential following which it could have found amongst the liberal but economically harrassed middle classes has never been recruited. In a *Statesman* article the Socialist case was put forth by Asoka Mehta, acknowledged brains of the party, but the statement remains like the party, colourless, academic and without appeal.

Of the Right-wing communal parties, the Bharatiya Jan Sangh was founded by Dr. Shyama Prasad Mookherjee, who resigned from the Central Cabinet over the East Bengal issue. His statement will find sympathy with East Bengal refugees, its main theme being a re-united India, the wiping out of Pakistan. Ironically enough, latest reports from East Punjab indicate that the realistic Punjabis, longest-suffering of refugees, have not forgotten the horrors of Partition, and on the whole have given this party the cold shoulder. As for us ordinary Indians, we shall not again mix up religion with politics.

The Communist case, ably argued by S. A. Dange, has all the good economic arguments which sound so apt for a country like ours. The stress on elimination of communalism (and the Communists demonstrated this throughout the worst days of Partition) and the promise of economic equality are bound to have their appeal in India. We now have the China experiment right in front of us, and there are many parallels with India. Nearer home, the dramatic two-year Communist rule in Telengana, a district of Hyderabad, moved the popular imagination. Peasant Raj and expulsion of greedy landlords sounded good. But stories about violence also crept out. We feel the need for discipline, but not violent regimentation in our political life. The biggest arguments against the Communists are their frequent somersaults. Their policy and leadership have been particularly confused during the last two years, and they have not yet been forgiven for linking up with the British at the height of the 1942 Quit India movement.

Back to the question, for whom shall we young electors vote? Many will take the easiest way out, and not vote at all. Others will take the negative view and vote to oppose the Congress. The rest will vote for a Congress which to them means Nehru. A 90-year-old Muslim voter in Assam returned home without voting after asking vainly for "the box for Nehru." With his magnetic personal charm, Nehru will doubtless carry the day; but many will be voting in the hope that after the elections he will really throw out all the crooks, cranks, revivalists and moneyed merchants, who consider a national flag, a national language, jobs for nieces and nephews, import licences and squandering crores on Prohibition more important than food, houses and clothing.

It is difficult to believe that Nehru has not yet seen the writing on the wall—seething discontent in the country that may well drive it to Communism unless Congress presents an immediate, positive programme. We shall go on hoping that Nehru is conscious of the tremendous mass following he has in schools, colleges, in the armed forces and in simple Indian homes everywhere. He, alone, can afford to ignore the Indian Tammany.

ANITA MALIK

Bombay, January.

What Hope from Germany?

II. The Unrepresented

Well displayed on the kiosks, as they are on most news-stands of Western Germany, were stacks of the *Deutsche Soldatenzeitung*, with the Iron Cross ostentatious on its title-banner. "Rather expensive," I remarked as I counted out my coins, the equivalent of about ninepence in English money. The young man in the kiosk gave me a sour grin. "Cheap enough for the price," he said; "it's the consequences that are likely to be expensive."

Which reflects more truly the mood of Western Germany — this chauvinistic, sabre-rattling sheet, with its appeal to all the old traditions of soldierly honour, or the young man behind the counter, young but old enough to have had obviously all, and more than, he wanted of first-hand experience of war? The answer, I am convinced, is that the young man's anti-war attitude typifies the spirit of the common people of Western Germany much more accurately than the emotions roused, here and there, by reviving memories of Iron Crosses and Oak-leaves.

Not that one should ignore the potential menace of those Germans who have a vested interest in war. With all the encouragement and backing they are receiving from abroad as "reliable allies," they are going all out to enjoy a comeback; and since they can afford to be vociferous, they get more than their due share of publicity from the world's press. Among the refugees, their appeal is already dangerous; and on those young enough to have forgotten their own childhood memories of war, their long-term influence may be pernicious. But most Germans who are now twenty-five years old or more are fairly immune to militarist propaganda; and, apart from Niedersachsen and Oldenburg, the Old Gang have little popular support.

ELEMENTS OF AN INDUSTRY

IN daily speech the word "element" is too often used wrongly or carelessly. "The elements" suggest "the weather," and "elementary" something easy or simple. To men of science, however, an element describes any substance which cannot be split up into a simpler one by ordinary chemical methods. A dictionary definition is that an element is "the simplest known constituent of all compound substances". This recognition is based on a theory first propounded by Robert Boyle, a British chemist in 1661. In all nature there are only ninety-three of these "Elements". From these are built up every single thing we eat or use or see. The function of the chemical industry is to discover how to separate elements which in nature exist in a combined form, to find out how they can be made to combine into substances useful to man, and then to evolve methods of making them do so "to order" on a commercial scale.

The degree of success which this great industry has attained may be judged from the fact that Imperial Chemical Industries alone uses 50 or so of the elements known to science to make no fewer than 12,000 different products.

ICI

In any approach to contemporary German psychology regard must be had to the economic and social background. The tourist, impressed by the glittering shop windows in Düsseldorf's well-lit streets and by the rich meal that he buys for, say, a £1 in a *Weinlokal*, is apt to forget that meat consumption in Western Germany is only about three-fifths of the British figure and less than half the consumption in the U.S. For sugar and tobacco, the picture is much the same; for tea and coffee (Michel and his wife love coffee as the Smiths do their cup of tea) annual German consumption per head is about 1 lb., as compared with over 9 lbs. in Britain and 17 lbs. in America. Big profits are being made (and spent) by those catering for the luxury trades: in Hamburg last year, the amount expended on the purchase of private cars was larger than the total investment in rehousing. But for the majority of Germans, particularly in the badly bombed large cities, life is still "making do"—as it was five or six years ago.

With the difference: money is more worth having. You can get an apartment if you are prepared to deposit, say, 3,000 Marks as key money, and the shops *are* full of attractive goods. The result, among the mass of the people, is an ant-like absorption in work, including as much overtime and as many side-line evening jobs as possible, for the sake of earning, by hook or by crook, those precious additional Marks to procure the coveted flat, radiogram or bicycle. There are no such hopeful prospects for the unemployed, who still number 1,250,000 in Western Germany, and who have to live on the equivalent of £2 15s. a week facing prices rather above the British level. Even those who have jobs, and whose average wages have risen since 1939 by only one third as much as soaring industrial profits, are rarely able to live within their means. They are still trying, with complete absorption in work and earnings, to rebuild their shattered households.

In these circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that the nation as a whole is tired, tired and apathetic. A well-qualified observer said to me "If war came these people would act exactly as the French did in 1940." Many Germans fear that they are drifting into war, and most of them sadly admit that if they received marching orders, they would march. Vaguely afraid of to-morrow, they are spending every penny they earn or can borrow on hire-purchasing goods. Too pre-occupied with their personal domestic problems to give much thought to politics, they vaguely hope that "someone" will stop the drift, that "somehow" they will be able, if they are refugees, to return to their native Silesia, that somehow Breslau will be recovered.

By war? Most people here profess—and I think genuinely—abhorrence at the very idea. Yet the Germans are a clannish people, and take "unity" so much for granted that few seem yet to have grasped the notion that the present division of the Reich is hardening day by day and may, indeed, be permanent. In recent weeks the largest hall in Bonn University was filled to capacity at meetings held successively by General von Manteuffel and Pastor Niemöller. They dealt with the East-West conflict—naturally from diametrically opposed viewpoints. Much the same audience was highly critical of both speakers. But being critical is different from having a positive, constructive, policy of one's own. If I had to sum up in one sentence the atmosphere among the common people of Western Germany to-day I should say that it was a combination of fear and loathing of war, uneasiness at the present drift and a sense of impotence: "What can be done about it?"

I am not sure that I know the answer. When I talked with Dr. Heinemann he showed me a cutting from a magazine. It referred to a conversation between Bismarck and somebody who asked if there were not a snag in certain negotiations which the Chancellor was carrying on with Russia. "There is more than one snag in it," said Bismarck, "but politics is the art of eliminating snags." If the Social-Democratic leaders in the West and the Communists of the Unity Party on the other side of the Curtain would take that saying of Bismarck's to heart, there might be better hope from Germany for all of us.

Düsseldorf, January. HEINRICH FRAENKEL

Back to the Street

It's a pleasant enough street, as streets go. Away from the main stream of the town's traffic it climbs the hillside in a crescent of clean, white concrete and flagstone pavements, and its new, villa-type, semi-detached council houses, discreetly divided into flats, all have neat yards for hanging out washing at the back and a foot or so of space in front where a baby can be put to sleep in a pram. Some of the houses even have garages. But no gardens. There is nowhere, except the street itself, for children to play.

"You'd think they might have thought of that, wouldn't you," Mrs. Smith said, "before they turned half the kids out of the Nursery School. And they say it may be closed down altogether." She settled the new baby to sleep in its pram and looked anxiously down the street where a group of small children were watching a man mixing cement. She called out sharply, and one little girl turned round to pull a younger one on to the pavement. "There was a kiddie got knocked over by the baker's van the other week," Mrs. Smith went on. She stared down over the roof-tops of the new building estate towards the distant factory chimneys of the town below and the dingy streets of her own childhood. "Not that we aren't far better off up here, in comparison," she added suddenly, as if "they" might be listening and think her ungrateful. "Only . . ." She paused, searching for some way of expressing her feelings without being misunderstood. "It's not the work I mind!" she burst out at last, "but we thought it was going to be all right for *our* kids when they opened the Nursery School. It doesn't seem right that only a few should get the benefit of it." She glanced once more at the baby in the pram. "I'd never have had another one," she said, "If I'd known what was going to happen."

Like the Smiths, most of the people who live on the Council estate are young couples with two or three young children. They keep the money for the rent in a screw-top pickle jar on the shelf and use the garages for extra storage space. They need to; there is no room for anything but the minimum of living equipment under their roofs. Nevertheless, they are grateful tenants. They are grateful for their homes, their shops, their special bus service into town and the fine new primary school down in the valley. But those who came to live here four years ago were grateful most of all for the big white house with the large garden at the top of the hill. For this was the much-needed answer to the problem of the years between pram and primary school. This was the under-fives' way out of the street into a better way of life, their hope of happiness and their means of grace. This was the Nursery School.

With accommodation limited to 80 children it could not, of course, open its gates to every child of nursery school age in the area, but at least there was a fair chance that the majority of those who needed it most would be accepted on the waiting list. To-day, for most of the parents on the estate, the Nursery School is only a tantalising reminder of the bright, brief glimpse it gave them of that better life they cannot hope to provide for their children at home, a mocking echo of the voice of the primary school teacher down in the valley who says how superior in every way are the pupils that come from the Nursery School to those who come straight from home. For though the accommodation and equipment is still the same, staff economy cuts have reduced the number of children by half. The other half have been sent back to the street again. Meanwhile, the Council threatens to close the Nursery School altogether.

It is wrong-headedness, as well as mere lack of imagination, that is at work. In spite of the 1944 Education Act, in which nursery schools were recognised as an integral part of the primary educational system, there is still a great deal of confusion of thought about them. Far too many people think of nursery schools as little more than free parking places where mothers can leave their children in order to go out to work. It is, in fact, widely believed that nursery schools are a social, rather than an educational, service and run mainly for the benefit of parents. This popular misconception is probably largely due to the fact that, although free, nursery schools are voluntary; that they provide no "education" in the accepted sense of the word; and that they are filled chiefly by the children of the working classes. So they are; but they are run entirely for the children's, and for no one else's, benefit.

To add to the confusion, much of the official literature published on the subject uses a technical jargon which, to anyone who has never seen a nursery school in action, gives a very false impression of the real thing. Words and phrases like "apparati," "stimuli," "group activity," and "social development," suggest rather an alarming picture of tender two-year-olds pinned down like butterflies under a microscope or being subjected to some coldly scientific treatment in an observation chamber. Moreover, they suggest to the ignorant taxpayer an extravagant form of modern "nonsense" which the children could very well do without.

Education officers, however, know better. When local authorities were empowered by the 1944 Act to provide nursery schools wherever there was sufficient need, it was the education officers who were some of the first to stress that need. Since then the word "need" has lost, in the Council chambers, much of the meaning it was originally intended to have. Necessity has become largely a matter of economics, as though a hungry man ceases to be hungry if he has gone out without enough money to pay for a square meal. This complacent attitude of mind became visible long ago, after the Ministry of Education's ban, in 1947, on the further building of nursery schools. Local education committees fought desperately to keep the few nursery schools already established before the ban came into force. Some of these, however, have already been closed down—wholly or partly—by District Councils. All, with a Tory Government in power, are threatened.

The latest figures for England and Wales, given in 1949, show that there were then approximately 20,000 children registered in nursery schools recognised by the British Nursery School Association. This sounds like a lot of children, but it represented barely 1 per cent. of the total age-group. The 20,000 were distributed among 438 nursery schools—including a great many independently run establishments charging fees of several guineas a term, as against the 3s. per week dinner-money charged by the State. To-day there are many fewer nursery schools and longer waiting lists. The majority of parents

January Records

FISCHER-DIESKAU
and
GERALD MOORE

"Die Schöne Müllerin" *Schubert.* A complete recording in German on eight records of the famous song cycle.
DB21388-95 *Autos.* DB9719-26

RUBINSTEIN
with the ST. LOUIS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
conducted by Vladimir Golschmann.
"Nights in the Gardens of Spain" (*Falla*) (5 sides) Sixth side (Pianoforte Solo) Andaluza (*Falla*)
DB21128-30 *Autos.* DB9708-10

SIR JOHN BARBIROLLI
AND THE HALLÉ ORCHESTRA
Symphony No. 5 in B Flat, Op. 63 ***Edmund Rubbra.*** The eighth side contains the fourth of Rubbra's Improvisations on the Virginal Pieces of Farnaby. *Recorded under the auspices of the British Council.*
DB21384-87 *Autos.* DB9715-18

ALFRED DELLER
COUNTER TENOR
A Hymne to God the Father (*Humfrey, realized by Tippet & Bergman*). **An Evening Hymne** (*Purcell, arranged Bergman*). Both with organ accompaniment by Geraint Jones. C4144

The Gramophone Company Limited Hayes Middlesex

The Hallmark of Quality

"I think I'd like a White Horse better than anything"

MAXIMUM PRICES:—Bottles 35/-, ½-Bottles 18/3, ¼-Bottles 9/6, Miniature Bottles 3/8, as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association.

"We have a wide choice to offer."

"YES— but thanks to whom?"

When the shop assistant praises the range of his textile merchandise he is paying tribute to the Wholesale Textile Distributor, thanks to whom retailers are able rapidly to draw upon large and varied stocks.

WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION WTA

DISTRIBUTION FOR THE NATION IS CARRIED OUT BY MEMBERS OF THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION

THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION
25 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

NEWS FROM THE FISHING INDUSTRY

How the general improvement in fish has come about

During the war years and for some time afterwards, trawlers were ordered to stay out on the fishing grounds until their holds were full. The result was heavy landings of rather tired — and sometimes quite exhausted — fish.

There was justification for this practice at the time as, not only was there a general food shortage, but a high percentage of trawlers were still on loan to the Admiralty. People were thankful to eke out their rations with even poor quality fish: witness the fish queues!

However the policy of fishing for quantity rather than quality was only one of desperation and has been abandoned, it is to be hoped, for ever. Since this happened, it is significant that the tonnage condemned at distribution centres has dropped dramatically, despite more rigorous inspections. At the present time, a trawler's voyage is, on the average, 3 days shorter than previously. This sometimes means smaller catches, but it ensures fresher fish for your table and greater food-value for your money.

British Trawlers know their job!

Issued by the British Trawlers' Federation Ltd.

cannot afford the private fees though many would gladly contribute more than dinner-money to keep the free nursery schools open. But this they are not allowed to do. Efforts are being made by local education authorities to relieve the situation by admitting more children under five into infant schools or by establishing nursery classes in the new primary schools; but such makeshifts are, at best, a poor substitute for the self-contained unit and, at worst, serve only to increase the problem of overcrowding. Unless Mrs. Smith neglects or ill-treats her children, their chances of receiving a nursery school education remain infinitely remote.

"But why," interrupts the middle-class parent again, "should Mrs. Smith's children need a nursery school? They are neither neglected nor cruelly treated. On the contrary, they are adequately housed, clothed and fed and well looked after by their own parents at home. What if they do have to play in the street? They always have. Mrs. Smith has no words with which to answer that one. It is unlikely that she has ever read the Nursery School definition in the 1944 Education Act, or any of the official literature describing its purpose. But she is aware, if only dimly, that there are other kinds of neglect, other kinds of cruelty suffered by children—the neglect of the spirit, for instance, and the unconscious cruelty inflicted by the constant repetition of the word "don't." (Don't get dirty, don't get wet. Don't run—the pavement's too hard. Don't make a noise—because of the neighbours. Don't look, don't touch, don't ask questions. Don't, in fact, behave like a child at all.) Mrs. Smith may not think of her children's lives in precisely these terms, but she feels they have been cheated out of something a good deal better.

NANCY SALKELD

A Mouse of a Different Colour

My wife had made a face-pack of oatmeal, milk and lemon juice, and while she was out of the room the cat ate it with good appetite and every appearance of complacency. I expect I should have stopped her, but I did not wish to endanger the animal's confidence in my goodwill, and thereby, perhaps, the efficacy of our working partnership.

We are much troubled with two kinds of mice; small grey ones, shy and only moderately prolific, which infest that part of the house I built myself, partly because it includes the larder and partly because imperfect bricklaying and plastering left gaps and holes suitable for residential development by mice; and by large, russet-coloured mice, truculent and progenitive beyond all reason, which infest the garden and follow us about whenever we are planting peas or beans, digging up and eating the seeds in a very orderly and regular manner. They also gather the best strawberries, in season, carrying them off intact and making caches of them in the straw. However, the population of these red mice is falling, partly due to a local and marked increase in the number of owls, and partly to a disconcerting innovation on the part of the cat, an innovation which proves that her interest in mousing is not economic, but sporting.

Whether this is natural or civilised I cannot say. Since the Twelfth Egyptian Dynasty, cats have been submitted to the same corrupting influences as the men they frequent, and may now, like men, hunt for recreation rather than for food, although the long agony of the mouse beneath the claws of the cat in men's houses is not so old as the mouse's history of living upon man's labour. For the very name *mouse,* in the Indo-European language from which derive all tongues from Germany to the Punjab, means *to steal,* and the earliest domesticated enemy of the mouse was evidently not the cat, excepting perhaps in Egypt. In the *Batrachomyomachia,* the Mouse says to the Frog: "I fear above all things on earth the Hawk and the Weasel which have done my kind much harm; yes, and that painful, fatal, deceitful Trap; but most of all the Weasel. . . ." And that the weasel was a domestic rather than a wild enemy appears in a score of classical references, as in *The Wasps* of Aristophanes, where a request for a domestic story is met with, "Oh, anything to oblige; well, once upon a time there was a mouse and a weasel . . ." as we should say, "a mouse and a cat."

Our cat was acquired as a kitten and grew up very pretty, like a cat on a child's birthday-card. I do not believe that I am liable to sentimentality over animals, but a working partnership makes for a certain affection, and the cat's apparent devotion in following me about the garden and the vineyard cannot be altogether ignored although the explanation is surely to be found in her appetite for baby moles, with which we abound, rather than in the pleasure of my company.

The real working partnership, however, applies to the house. At midnight, with singular punctuality, the cat interrupts my work or reading by jumping on to the arm of my chair, down to the floor again, and then running to the door of the room. She leads the way to the larder door and there looks up at me as much as to say, "I'm ready, mate, if you are." I open the door and switch on the light. There is a scurrying. The cat passes me in a flying leap on to the middle shelf. Even in her haste she steps delicately among jars, bottles and boxes of food, and quickly finds out any mouse that has the misfortune to be about.

My own part is, therefore, often confined to opening the door and switching on the light. Not always, however; for while the cat is quick to perceive and follow movement, sound or scent, her eyesight for what is motionless is inferior to mine and I am sometimes of use to her, as a pointer is to a man out with a gun. Do I only imagine that she has learnt to look back for the direction of my gaze when she is at fault? Moreover, it happens that there is a beam, supporting a shelf, between which and the wall the game, from time to time, take refuge, their bodies being in sanctuary, their tails only visible. The cat finds the hiding mouse with her nose but is powerless to seize it and stands quivering with excited concupiscence and lashing her tail. She looks round at me impatiently, as if to remind me that not only are my eyes better than hers, but that I have an opposed thumb, though heaven knows I seem to make little use of it! Rebuked, I climb on to a biscuit tin, reach up, and seizing the tail of the mouse, drag the animal into the open.

The moment the cat has the mouse in her mouth, the working partnership is dissolved and I become an enemy whose nefarious object it surely is to get the mouse for myself. The cat crouches growling among the bottled fruit until I move away and she can come out and begin the long and delicate play with the mouse which precedes its demoralisation and death.

After some weeks the house was, by means of this cat and my own nocturnal co-operation, cleared of mice, for all of them, however they spent the day, sooner or later found their way at night, by hollow wall and above ceilings, to the larder. Thereafter, for night after night, our late hunt was useless: there was no game. The cat at first seemed to imply that this was my fault, but realising that I could or would do nothing, took action on her own.

Hence the decrease in the garden population of red mice. Investigation of a complaint that mice were again at work in the larder revealed a startling change in the ecology of the house: the new mice were red; and it did not take me long to discover that the cat, deprived of her nocturnal sport, was bringing the creatures into the house and there releasing them before they were so demoralised as to be unable to run for it, a degenerate practice as contemptible as the bagging of foxes or the hunting of a tamed and imported stag.

Furthermore, we are worse off than we ever were, for not only do the red mice increase alarmingly, but my share in the hunting of them is fraught with hazards because of their bold and hardy character, in great contrast to the timid and defeatist nature of the grey mice. I have twice been bitten in the thumb, which some will think serves me right for helping a cat to be cruel to a mouse. But I have not the face to withdraw from a partnership which I was ready enough to maintain while the dangers and discomforts were negligible.

EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

FOR THE FUTURE

SLOWLY but quite certainly something is happening to British painting: something which had been previously suspected—and hoped for—but which is now actually proved by the important exhibition of the *Young Contemporaries* at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street.

It is important not because the 600 paintings, selected from the work of art students throughout the country, reveal any unexpected genius (although there are some works of outstanding talent) but because, taken as a whole, these pictures definitely prove that the majority of the young have a common attitude. This attitude is based on a deliberate acceptance of the importance of the everyday and the ordinary. It is not pedestrian because, just as their comparatively representational pictures imply an acceptance of the revolutionary theories of the last forty years, their way of looking at the back garden, the railway, the wharf, the street, the herring fisheries, the deck-chairs on the pier, implies a fresh intention: an intention to discover and express the reality, the sharper meaning, given to such apparently unremarkable subjects by the habits and lives of the people they concern. Allowing for the differences of the social contexts and the media, it is a parallel attitude to that found in the best post-war Italian films.

I do not think that this is the only possible approach to painting to-day, nor do I think that the next painter of genius will necessarily work within these limits; but I do believe that such an attitude can and probably will produce a tradition of painting—something which we in this country have lacked for a long time. It may even be that these painters will help to re-form a European tradition.

Possibly the reader when he has visited the show will find such an assertion far-fetched. It is naturally true that many of the works are immature; it is also true that a firm tradition is finally dependent upon the artist having a proper place in an integrated society. Yet the common attitude of these students will both help them to mature as individuals and to be less isolated as painters. It also contains within itself the seeds of a tradition because it is based on reasonableness—it rejects subjective excess; because it re-establishes painting as a means of communication—the originality of the painter's vision has some point since the general experience behind each

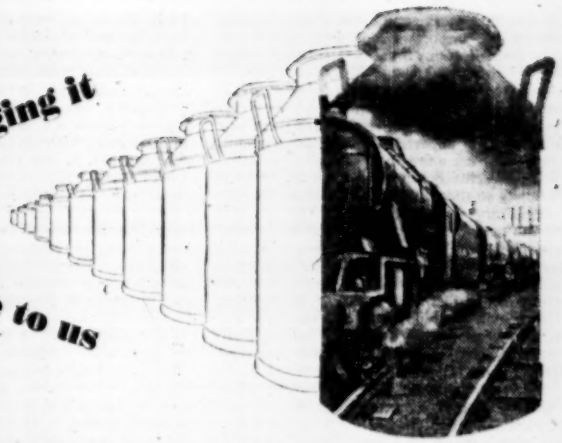
"I designed these shoes because perfect health depends quite considerably on perfect foot comfort."

These are the words of Sir Herbert Barker, the great manipulative surgeon who designed the famous Sir Herbert Barker shoe. By his great skill and knowledge he created a shape of shoe that gives unsurpassed comfort to all who wear them.

We invite you to write to us for an illustrated brochure. Dept. 8, Norvic Shoe Co. Ltd., Northampton.

SIR HERBERT BARKER SHOES
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Bringing it home to us



FOOD! The daily milk, the meat ration, our fish, vegetables and packaged goods, generally have a rail journey to reach us. Among the 300 million tons of freight a year (far more than pre-war) carried by British Railways, food takes a prominent place.

Today, our railways are busier than ever carrying the nation's food, as well as the raw stuffs of industry and nearly a thousand million passengers a year — working round the clock to keep Britain's vital lifelines open. And this despite a severe staff shortage.

Busiest Railway System in the World

BRITISH RAILWAYS

Holiday Minded?

In our 'Continental Holidays 1952' booklet there are many exciting ideas which, when realised, can provide *the* perfect holiday. Prices are at reasonable levels—especially when the advantages of our famous 'All-in' terms are examined. Complete travel, hotel charges, excursions, tips, transfer fees, couriers, etc., are all included, and *you know the cost of your complete holiday before you start!*

Here are some typical examples:

	'All-in'
FRANCE, Paris –	8 days, 3 excursions, £22.10.0
Le Tréport –	8 days, 2 excursions, £15.10.6
BELGIUM, Ostend –	8 days, 2 excursions, £15. 0.0
Bruges –	8 days, 2 excursions, £15.17.0
SWITZERLAND Montreux –	10 days, 3 excursions, £22.12.6
AUSTRIA, Brand –	10 days, 3 excursions, £23. 5.0
GERMANY Rhöndorf –	9 days, 3 excursions, £18.11.0
HOLLAND Middelburg	8 days, 3 excursions, £15.19.6

Send this coupon TODAY

WTA

34 Gillingham Street, London, S.W.1

Name.....

Address.....

.....

N.S.

Remington NOISELESS -the 'HOME' TYPEWRITER

A genius at your service . . . ANYTIME—ANYWHERE

Now is the time to obtain your Remington *Noiseless*. A compact little machine, it combines transportability with the great advantage of quietness . . . AND all those features which have made Remington famous. You'll be able to use it anywhere without disturbing others, and its action will be just as smooth, quietly efficient and speedy years from now.

Write today for illustrated folder

REMINGTON RAND LTD. (Dept. N.P. 153)
1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.
Tel.: CHAncery 8888.

work is one that most people can share; because it reaffirms the importance of drawing—distortions and formalisations must be justified in terms of logical intention; and lastly, because it transcends the outdated argument between the academic and the old *avant-garde*.

In fact, the difference between one of these new paintings and a superficially similar academic painting—there are a few in the show—is interesting. The impetus behind the academic work is just curiosity so that the result, whatever the subject, is literary or picturesque. The impetus behind the new work is the painters' imaginative identification with the thing or person painted so that the result, however usual the subject, is compelling and real. In one case a street becomes something one just happens to notice; in the other, something which once half-known, then forgotten, is now more fully realised. Among many interesting works I should like to mention those by John Flavin, Derrick Greaves, Susan Horsfield, Stewart Waghorn, Leonard Roads, Elizabeth Doelby, and most outstanding of all, those by Edward Middleditch.

The exhibition of 16 *Young Sculptors* at the I.C.A. in Dover Street shows what happens to those working in roughly the opposite direction. Even allowing for the fact that the sculptor to-day faces a more difficult problem than the painter—the problem of developing a proper interest in form during a period which offers little scope for the heroic and the monumental—most of these works are fantastically arid. Their titles give some idea of the extent of their retreat: *The Box, Heavy Insect, Crab, Bird-Man, Metamorphosis of a Gas-Ring.* Reminiscent of discoloured bones, iron implements, and rather crude fossils, they are interesting because of their power of vague association, and because of the relationship, within their construction, between solid forms and trapped space. This, however, is not enough. If the spectator looked at a scrap-heap with the intensity which he usually reserves for objects on stands in galleries, he would gather as many odd associations; if he looked at a radar set he would have his sense of structure and space as finely stimulated. I do not wish to suggest that these sculptors are insincere; their fault and their difficulty is their remoteness. Four of them—Reg Butler, William Turnbull, Kenneth Armitage and Rosemary Young—are distinctly more interesting than the others, but at the moment I have no space to explain why. All I can do is to draw a general comparison between the significance of the two exhibitions. The visitor leaves Dover Street, as he leaves many contemporary shows, conscious of attenuated sensibility. He can leave Suffolk Street conscious of being less alone.

JOHN BERGER

KNOWLEDGE VERSUS IGNORANCE

ALL controversies are centrifugal, and the controversy about the value of preliminary score-reading and rehearsal-going between myself and the music critic of *The Times*, with Messrs. Blom and Hussey occupying a middle position, is beginning to conform to type; the issue is becoming obscured. Let me restate it in what I hope may prove acceptable terms. Mr. Howes (if we may drop his cumbrous anonymity) contended that the dangers of making a wrong judgment about a piece of music are positively increased by previous acquaintance with the score, or by attendance at rehearsals; and he applied his doctrine to all kinds of music and all sorts of listeners, not only to professional critics. I maintained on the contrary—and it sounds so obvious that I am almost ashamed of repeating it—that the more we studied a piece of music and the more often we heard it, the more likely we were to arrive at a just estimate of its value.

Mr. Howes also thought it wrong to commit oneself to any sort of opinion, however tentative and subject to modification, before the first public performance of a new work; and if he had stuck to that comparatively small point he would have had a stronger case. But I never claimed, as he seems to imply, that score-reading is a valid substitute for actual performances when these are available—and adequate. Of course, "a symphony is better heard than read in a score"; and so, *a fortiori*, is an opera, which also needs to be seen. The issue is not between score-reading and opera-going, but between opera-going in a state of knowledge and opera-going in a state of blissful ignorance, with myself advocating the former state and Mr. Howes the latter.

Most of the time, whichever their preference, critics have no option, and are obliged to deliver "a snap judgment on a first impression." Slightly to my surprise, Mr. Howes made no objection to that phrase; he adopted it with alacrity, almost with pride. "Snap judgments," he explains, "do not go wrong because intuition is immediate"; and, although he proceeds to quote Aristotle and to talk in a large way about "perception" and "the cognitive part of the soul," he cannot erase the somewhat feminine ring of that assertion. "My dear, I took one look at his face and I don't like him. No matter how good his references may be, I have had an intuition, and my intuition is never wrong." It is quite true that no one thinks of engaging a secretary without an interview; our personal and æsthetic judgments are, indeed, largely based on intuition. My case is only that intuitions, however acute, are the better for being backed by accurate information, and that first impressions are not infallible. The infallibility of the snap judgment is a curious doctrine, and its corollary would seem to be that second thoughts are always wrong. Next time a new work is given twice at the same concert I look forward to seeing Mr. Howes make a spirited dash for the exit.

What lies behind this paradoxical view? Is it connected with the deep-seated division, evident at Christmas and birthdays, between those who prefer the pleasure of surprise and those who prefer the pleasure of anticipation? If so, the distinction is surely a matter of temperament, unworthy to be exalted into an æsthetic principle. Amateurs of literature and the visual arts have no such fear of advance information. Of course, a reader does not want to be told beforehand who killed Roger Ackroyd; but the detective story is a fairly humble form of art. Playgoers don't complain that they are too well informed about *Hamlet;* nor can I see that we are any the worse off because the great masterpieces of painting, sculpture and architecture are likely to be familiar in reproduction before we see the originals. No doubt it would be exciting if, without any preconceived ideas whatsoever, we could stroll one day into an empty Sistine Chapel, and, looking up, suddenly behold Michelangelo's ceiling. But it is also exciting, and after the first impact more satisfactory, to have pored for long months over the origin of the work, its symbolism, scheme and details, and then at last to see the whole splendid design in reality. Nor do I see that the situation is altered when we pass from an accepted masterpiece, like Michelangelo's ceiling or *Don Giovanni*, to a new and more controversial work, like Matisse's chapel at Vence or *Billy Budd*. The principle in either case remains the same: that knowledge brings deeper comprehension. The only difference is that the newer the work the more valuable our preparation is likely to prove.

For the Victorian visit to Bayreuth, *The Ring* and *Parsifal* were every bit as novel and as difficult to grasp as *Billy Budd*. Were our grandparents wrong to devote their winter evenings to a painstaking study of the stories and the music? Did this preparation spoil the impact of what they heard, or render them less capable of intelligent criticism? I have a friend who is about to travel to India for the first time in his life. For months his house has been littered, not only with histories and guide-books, but with plans of buildings and reproductions of works of art. Poor fellow! Little though he knows it, he is barking up the wrong tree. The homework which he is now doing on the ancient monuments of India resembles the homework which I did on the score of *Billy Budd*. My friend is not, in Mr. Howes's phrase, "organising his acquaintance in the right order—perception first, the kindling of the imagination consequent upon it, and subsequently knowledge." Far from it. He is going through the whole process back to front, and there is not much hope for his state of mind when at last he confronts the Cave Temples of Ellora. He is obviously doomed to make a wrong judgment.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"His Excellency," at the Gaumont
"Come Fill the Cup," at the Leicester Square
"Les Misérables," at the Marble Arch
Cocteau Season at the Everyman

The news-reel of the *Flying Enterprise* proved disappointing; too much perhaps, minute by minute, having already been sucked out of that story by the newspapers. Expectantly, however, I had dived into the news theatre, which was running almost comically true to type: a chimps' tea-party was in progress; this was followed by some very indifferent French news-reel; an old Disney tried hard and failed to amuse with Pluto and a gopher; and then came the Special for which we had paid our florins and shillings. Sweeping seas, the hulk tilted over, small boats bustling to and fro; we were *told* that Carlsen and Dancy had been taken off. Then the wreck went down, the men were welcomed ashore, and a few flashes of their ordeal (mostly in long shot) enlivened the interview. Possibly, as I've said, this episode had already closed. The screen, inevitably late with its news, added little of actuality.

It has been a poor week altogether. *His Excellency* dashes any hopes we may have had that Robert Hamer would this time approach a little nearer to the form displayed in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. A Labour governor arrives in a colony where permanent secretaries sigh and old ladies sit in Ye Olde Tea Shoppe and strikers set fire to the docks; all have to be handled by a man impetuously inclined; he licks ice-creams in the street, stalks through the alleys at dusk, is truculently non-violent, and after some shots have been fired wins a half-victory from the soap-box. It is alert and vaguely well intentioned; but what have vague, good intentions to do with Mr. Hamer? I should have thought satire or evil more in his line. Mr. Eric Portman repeats a stage success in the part of the crusading ex-docker from Yorkshire, and the film itself never departs very far from the stage.

Come Fill the Cup is a brisk, hopeful drama about alcoholics, the second of its kind in a week, but I missed the first through seasonal illness (not, let me add, alcohol). One gathers that the battle of the ex-alcoholic is tough. Tomato-juice will never be Bourbon. Mr. James Cagney, as a journalist on the wagon, enters into it with characteristic gusto; I don't think there's another actor—or actress—who has so often made second-rate films tolerable for me. Swagger, charm, privateering, and a touch of hysteria enable him to carry off almost any beastliness or sentimentality. Not that *Come Fill the Cup* contains either: it manages—considering the inherent dreariness of the theme—to be terse and moderately exciting. The lady (Phyllis Thaxter), married to a drunk and wooed by reformed drunk, doesn't complain overmuch.

While I do not to-day remember a great deal about Hollywood's *Les Misérables* (except Laughton's ponderously haunting mug), I remember enough to know that it was considerably superior to the Italian version, dubbed with English, that has just reached London. An honest Valjean (Gino Cervi), a darkly inflexible Javert (Giovanni Hinrich), and the beautiful Valentina Cortesa in two roles; but what has come to God's grinding mills in (see advertisement) "the greatest detective story of all time"? Only melodrama remains. Music weeps or growls; every entrance is announced by a shadow on the wall; the actors look spellbound, and violence (the barricades) turns to buffoonery; three words are scribbled on a card, a moment later the three have become fifteen; "Many Years Past" announces the cap-

tion, but there's the hero looking younger than ever; people fail unaccountably to recognise one another, the dead mother re-emerges in the daughter, love and revolution pop their noses in, and it's two and quarter hours before we are within sound of the happy angel voices.

Let me draw attention—if a little late—to the Cocteau season at the Everyman, now in its third and last week. There is still, before Monday, time to see *L'Eternel Retour*, together with an American cartoon that (thank heaven) breaks new ground: *Gerald McBoing-Boing* is to latter-day Disney as the *New Yorker* to a kid's comic strip.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

New Soundings should delight the heart of many a young and optimistic writer, for it is nothing less than a new magazine—a sort of *New Writing* on the air—prepared by John Lehmann and put out once a month on the Third Programme for "an experimental period of three months." An interesting proposition. For though it is designed, more openly than most programmes are, for the benefit of its contributors, it has, even for a listener who doesn't write poetry, criticisms or stories but reads all three, the charm of surprise. I used the word "young" (though nobody really knows where its boundary lies at the moment) because the audience addressed when the affair took an admonitory or an advisory turn was evidently a youthful one—not more than a year or two post-graduate. I must admit that I felt apprehension about hearing the usual heavy imitations of our more pretentious contemporary poets—as well as hope of the wonderful unknown. As it turned out the programme was fresh, various, pleasing, not extraordinary, the general level, perhaps, being a good *beta plus*. The opening group of love poems by four younger poets was lyrical and imaginative; Vernon Watkins's ballad about the City of Sodom provided a roll of drums; Tom Hopkinson gave some very sensible advice to young writers; the piece of "natural" writing (an escape narrative by a young sailor) reminded us how apt the untutored pen can be on the one experience that stimulates it. Most disappointing were Henry Green's talk on Style, and the choice of the poems by that admirable poet Roy Fuller. The readers (Basil Taylor, Hallam Fordham, Leonard Sachs, Gwendoline Watford) read so well that they may have made some of the items seem better than they were. I shall listen with interest next month to see what direction the programme will take; at present there is not much indication.

David Thomson's *Sons of the Sea*, a beautiful and tranquil programme (first made in 1950) about the seal and its folklore on the Western Irish coast, might well have attracted the same listeners as *New Soundings*, for its construction and writing, particularly the dialogue connecting the legends and songs were of quite remarkable quality. I can hear still: "I have seven children on the land and seven children in the sea," the seal-woman cried in trouble. "I am at a loss to know what to do."

The time factor in a programme such as that on Marie Lloyd is an important one. What is attempted is one of the hardest things to achieve, the recapturing, from memories alone, of an artist's (not merely a woman's) personality. Apparently Marie Lloyd died too long ago to leave many recordings from her best period, but not too long ago to be a living yet legendary memory. The result, in spite of the lively singing and the really charming accounts given by those who knew or had seen her, was that the atmosphere of the memorial service was never quite dispelled. I don't know how this is to be avoided; perhaps a programme by the same effective sponsors, Compton Mackenzie and Colin McInnes, using new material (which it is not too late to discover) about some other artist, as great but less explored, might give the answer. A word should be said about the brilliant conclusion—the voice of Sir Max Beerbohm, "winding up" from Italy the programme he had not heard in London. His measured choosing and placing of words, as if they were not the common currency they are, was the real demonstration of artistry in action—the one thing, alas, that the programme could not give us of Marie Lloyd.

An article on Diplomacy is not one which my eye would naturally rest on. Nevertheless, the spoken voice of Noel Annan giving the first in a series of Third Programme talks on *British Foreign Policy* caught and held my accidental attention. This was an impressively good talk; lucid, intelligent, with a sad wit that did not make light of its serious subject. The second hearing is over, but it may still be read in *The Listener*. Only duty, though, and perhaps a morbid streak, made me listen to *Taking Stock* on Thursday—45 minutes devoted to that old debating chestnut *Should Women Have Equal Pay?* If you dig a little further in the musty bag from which it came you will find Should Women Vote? Should Women have Professions? Should Slavery be Abolished? and other topics more fascinating still. I fear it may embarrass the speaker to be reminded of it, but Mr. — really did bring up a *mystical argument* in support of his opposition, just as his predecessors did, according to the history books, on all those other matters. A rumour that the next theme will be *Should Women Pay Less for Lodging, Meals and Fares?* has been denied.

NAOMI LEWIS

Katherine Dunham and Her Company, at the Cambridge Theatre

The joy in movement and music that Katherine Dunham's coloured company displays is in itself so fresh and vital that only the sourest misanthrope could remain unmoved. Miss Dunham has achieved a triumph in combining folk, jazz and classical techniques, so that her dances are unusually varied in style; and from this her dancers have learnt muscular control, giving a skill and ease that should be the envy of the Jooss school as well as of Sadler's Wells. The diversity of movement makes up in good part for the medium quality of the actual choreography, and also of the ideas, which here and there seem original, but only because they are brilliantly interpreted. The opening *Brazilian Suite* has a musical quality and a delicacy lacking in the rest of the programme. Miss Dunham is enchanting when she moves to warm ballads, dressed in traditional skirts, thick with cotton frills. Or, again, in the grimly sophisticated *Tango*—her heavy brown limbs bare, black costumes against grey-black scenery, where the only flash of white comes from the eyes of the unsmiling faces—she creates an atmosphere both sinister and lyrical. It is in the melodrama, *L'Ag'ya*, and in the simple *Cakewalk* dances, that Miss Dunham is hard, showing a glimpse of that familiar American zip which can be such a bore. But her supporting company is never boring; it is more alive than any other company of dancers in London to-day. The fact that they can sing, shout and laugh as they dance gives the illusion of another dimension in movement: the voiceless dancer is, after all, rather a stuffed-puppet. The use of a microphone is an unfortunate addition to the five bona fide singers, whose quality is of far more worth than mere volume. I realised this painfully, since every note sounded twice.

A. F.

"Much Ado About Nothing," at the Phoenix

"Irresistible as poetry and hopeless as epigrammatic comedy." Mr. Gielgud's revived production triumphantly gives the lie to Shaw's verdict. It not only fuses the wit and sentiment of the "merry war" but it almost reconciles us to the melodrama. Success owes most to Beatrice and Benedick and Mr. Gielgud's performance is on the same path of strict perfection that he trod in *The Winter's Tale*. Diana Wynyard's Beatrice, a creature of light rather than fire, is a beautiful conception, gay as April winds, disciplined as a pavane. While in the theatre such artistry blinds us to others' shortcomings. Paul Scofield's Don Pedro is sufficient and unambitious—after all, this is an unambitious part. But why does

B.O.A.C. INTRODUCES TOURIST CLASS FARES

Save up to £105

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC!

Fully pressurized *Constellation* aircraft. Complimentary light refreshments; reasonably priced meals. Tourist Class Services start 1st May.*

• • •

NOTE: "Off-peak" tourist fares apply to return tickets only, effective Nov. to March inclusive, in both directions.

TOURIST SERVICES ARE ADDITIONAL TO NORMAL FIRST CLASS TRANSATLANTIC B.O.A.C. SERVICES.

LONDON/NEW YORK	TOURIST FARE*	WHAT YOU SAVE
Single	£96 . 9 . 0	£44 . 13 . 0
Return	£173 . 13 . 0	£80 . 7 . 0
"Off-peak" Return	£148 . 19 . 0	£105 . 1 . 0
LONDON/MONTREAL	**TOURIST FARE***	**WHAT YOU SAVE**
Single	£94 . 13 . 0	£41 . 9 . 0
Return	£170 . 8 . 0	£74 . 12 . 0
"Off-peak" Return	£146 . 4 . 0	£98 . 16 . 0

* *Subject to Government approval*

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

Consult your local Travel Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VICtoria 2323) or 75 Regent St., W.1 (MAYfair 6611).

FLY BRITISH BY B·O·A·C

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

he have to throw away the "Good morrow, masters" speech, one of the enchanted moments in the play? "Good morrow, masters, put your torches *out*!" he tells his retinue. George Rose is a rich, but over-ripe Dogberry. Zummerzet and Shrapshurr, eked out with an occasional West Riding cadence, are too much in one evening, especially when they are accompanied by a grotesque costume based on a Doré engraving from *Les Contes Drolatiques*. Sir Lewis Casson makes a fine, tetchy Leonato and Michael Goodliffe an excellent and strangely moving villain. As Hero, Dorothy Tutin was excellent in the confrontation scene, but her comedy reminded me of the old Gingold tag, "As arch as the Admiralty." This clever young actress is not yet a comedienne. M. Mariano Andreu's bizarre décor was only good in parts; one remembered Agate's dictum that "getting itself immediately forgotten is the first function of all scenery in plays that speak to the mind." In the lighter comedies, fantastication is permissible, and the only criterion is whether it comes off. M. Andreu's chapel and garden are delightful, but we could do without his coloured columns.

J. N. B. R.

Pictures for Schools, at the Imperial Institute

This annual exhibition, organised by the Society for Education in Art, provides an opportunity for Local Education Authorities to buy paintings or pieces of sculpture for their schools at reasonably low prices—the average is somewhere between £15 and £20. Ideally, such a scheme should be organised locally for then painters, authorities and children would share more direct interests. However, the 240 works on show this year are of a reasonable standard and quite likely. Personally, I should have thought some of them were far too "thin" for the taste of children—but then all of us know what children like even more positively than we know what we like ourselves. There are good paintings by Edward Wakeford, Alfred Danniels, Pamela Izzard, and a striking lithograph of a fair by Richard Platt. There are also on view photographs of some of the mural paintings recently commissioned for schools.

J. B.

Correspondence

POLITICS OF FREE ENTERPRISE

SIR,—John Cates states that profit-sharing and co-partnership are great dangers to the Labour Movement and to the Welfare State. Such argument as there is in his article seems to be based on the assumption that the more business firms look after the welfare of the workers, the less demand for Socialism there will be. Profit-sharing is thus seen as a smart move in the political class war—"the only road back for both Tories and business."

Welfare capitalism is not a step back. It is a step forward. It is not welfare Socialism, but it should be clear that the paternalistic attitude which looks after workers is an immense improvement on the devil-look-after-you attitude of classical capitalism. It is an attitude which is becoming more widespread as a result of the influence of Labour. It is a significant concession to Labour.

It is folly to turn down this concession. In this country we set out to advance towards Socialism by evolutionary methods. The whole history of the Labour Movement shows that concessions do not allay the demand for further reform; they encourage it to proceed to the next stage. Such advances as profit-sharing and co-partnership make the beneficiaries not less but more politically conscious. In this case, in so far as it has any effect, its tendency must be to make workers conscious of profits, to give them a critical interest in their firm and industry, and to encourage them to adopt an attitude of responsibility towards their industry without which Socialism will be impossible.

Mr. Cates says that the managers increasingly control industry. This is true of nationalised industry as well as of private enterprise. It is time that Socialists realised that the organisation of large-scale industry, whether nationalised or private enterprise, is fundamentally the same, and that the concessions and adjustments workers should demand apply equally to the one as to the other.

Mr. Cates reveals all the fallacies of the sentimental Left-wing revolutionist. The new society must be brought in by a righteous crusade in which Tories and business men are routed in a last ditch struggle (metaphorically). To use in any way the business men themselves to bring it in is obviously taking away the glamour. But not to use them will delay Socialism (or welfare) improvements for some time.

11 Norman Road, ALEXANDER GRANT
Northfields

HEALTH SERVICE

SIR,—Like Flavus, I have received considerable attention from the National Health Service during the past year. Unlike him, however, I cannot now reflect quite so complacently over my experiences.

I happen to be one of those millions of industrial workers who rely exclusively on the Health Service during sickness for treatment and benefit. At the beginning of last year I had an illness that kept me from work for eight weeks. My doctor informed me that I was not "ill enough" to go into hospital, so I rested in bed at home. During those eight weeks I received some tablets, medicine and injections, two visits from my overworked doctor and £1 6s. N.I. weekly benefit. In the same period I received five weekly payments of 15s. from a voluntary sick club and a traditional factory collection from my workmates to the sum of £16. After my illness I developed a complaint that caused me frequent visits to my doctor and quite a few individual days off from work. Ultimately my doctor sent me to a well-known London hospital, where I saw a specialist who thoroughly overhauled me and sent me to five other departments and doctors for further tests. I have been attending these for the past few weeks, and will be doing so in the future. The attendances I have made at the hospital have cost me roughly a day's lost pay per week.

I must say that the attention and treatment accorded me by the hospital's staff, nurses and doctors is highly praiseworthy, but surely the N.H.S. is still far removed from the comprehensive scheme envisaged by the 1947 Act, let alone a really Socialist Health Service! I have seen men, during the 'flu epidemic last year, tottering about sick, with high temperatures, in amongst fast-running printing presses rather than see their doctor and be ordered home for a few days' rest with loss of pay.

Moreover, the absence of financial security in sickness is not the only weakness in the National Health Service. What about the local specialist service we were promised under the Health Act in the form of Health Centres? And what about the inadequate number of hospital beds?

The soporific atmosphere of a hospital ward is hardly conducive to the generalisations made by Flavus. Next time he writes a Hospital Diary I suggest he does so with his head above rather than under the sheets.

54 Hemstal Road, JACK DALE
London, N.W.6.

SIR,—What a curious picture Mr. Denis Browne paints of our Health Service. Here, it seems, are surgeons and physicians, grossly overpaid, spending their time treating in hospital a mixture of destitute English social outcasts like poor Flavus, who cannot make up their minds to pay reduced fees to their surgeons (or perhaps are in the hands of disreputable practitioners), millionaires who could, and Madagascans. How these unfortunate specialists must yearn for a fully official status, with more appropriate patients officially directed to them as a consequence of absolute Socialism! In view of the fact that this peculiar system is, as Mr. Denis Browne so succinctly puts it, bankrupt, it is surprising to be told that it works. What a pity Mr. Browne did not like the Conservatives' scheme either. I do hope he is not a Communist.

DUNCAN LEYS

1 Denbridge Road,
Bickley, Kent.

MARKET GARDENS

SIR,—Mrs. Castle is adept at wrapping a half brick in a bouquet and hurling it with an air of sweet simplicity. There is nothing secretive about the N.F.U. proposals for the revision of horticultural tariffs. Their general intention has been made clear many times, namely, to bring up to date the specific duties which were imposed in the 1930s on the recommendations of the Import Duties Advisory Committee. Because they were in the main fixed, rather than *ad valorem*, duties, their protective incidence has been whittled away by the change which has taken place in the level of costs and prices since pre-war.

The pre-war horticultural duties were not high when introduced, and while they afforded essential minimum protection to the home grower, there is no evidence that they led to higher prices in the period in which the duties were in operation before the war. In fact, the official weighted average index numbers for prices of fruits, vegetables and glass-house produce were practically the same in 1939 after the duties had been in force some seven years, as in 1930, two years before they were introduced. To restore the effectiveness of the duties will not make them high now. Indeed with the further fall in the value of money it is doubtful whether the N.F.U. proposals will bring back even the pre-war level of protection.

There is no fear that a level of specific duties which Parliament is likely to pass could operate as a tax on consumption in time of scarcity, which I assume to be what Mrs. Castle means when she speaks of a "scarcity tax." Reasonable specific duties are no deterrent to imports when most needed, that is, when home supplies are scarce and prices tend to rise, but they would tend to check the flow of imports when the market is heavily supplied with produce. *Ad valorem* duties, by contrast, have least effect when supplies are heavy and prices on the floor, the most important time when imports should be regulated, and they have their greatest deterrent effect when produce is short and prices high. Mrs. Castle does not appear to grasp the significance to an industry like horticulture, whose production is subject to unpredictable seasonal variation, of specific import duties fixed at that level (and no higher), which will regulate the flow of imports to match the state of home supplies.

The N.F.U. has never considered tariffs as the whole answer to the grower's problems but it does regard them as a fundamental factor in maintaining the stability of this extremely hazardous and complex industry. Moreover, as recognised in principle by the Agricultural Marketing Act of 1933, a measure of protection may be an essential pre-requisite of the development of organised marketing. This applies with special force in the case of horticultural produce and those who persistently remain blind to this point will make better marketing just that much harder, if not impossible, to achieve as was emphasised specifically by Lord Lucas's Committee on the Working of the Agricultural Marketing Acts.

Finally, it is perhaps worth getting back to the basic reason why it is essential to restore confidence and stability to the industry: it is because the nation needs more home-produced food. It is that fact which caused the late Government to call upon the

besuchen Sie
visitez
visiten
visitate
посещайте

The Linguists' Club

Conversation and tuition.
Continental Snack Bar, Roof Garden.
Concerts, Debates, Dances.

20 GROSVENOR PLACE LONDON SW1 • SLOane 9595

industry to expand its acreage of dessert apples and pears, to step up soft fruit production and to keep up the vegetable acreage at its high wartime level. That request to the industry was made, we believe, in good faith and on a well-informed assessment of the nation's economic position. Certainly the nation's present economic plight confirms it as valid. It follows that the grower should be given the economic conditions—which include a reasonable assurance of stability—to do what the Government have asked him to do.

E. H. GARDENER,
Central Horticultural Committee, *Chairman*
National Farmers' Union,
45 Bedford Square, W.C.1.

EQUAL PAY

SIR,—The writings and pronouncements urging equal pay for men and women seem based on a false premise, and yet this has not once been said. They tacitly assume that it is the work that is in some miraculous way assessed in money terms, whereas in fact the starting point is directly or indirectly the need of the man or woman doing the work.

All wages and salaries are the result of negotiation, and in recent times wage and many salary levels have been set by trade union pressure. In nearly all cases the driving force is the need of the individual in relation to his cost of living, and the most urgent claimants are men with wives and children as they are in the majority. In other words, male wages and salary levels are determined not by the money value of work, but by the need of a man with a family and thereafter by the strength of his bargaining power.

If this is accepted, then ought not the wage of a woman indeed to be lower?

1. Most men marry and have children. At least during the birth and early years of the children a wife does not work, and there are many good reasons that lead her not to return to work as the children get older. The man must therefore earn enough to maintain a wife and children. How many women must maintain a husband and children?

2. A man is always conscious that if he died when his children were young, or when his wife through age or infirmity could not easily get work, he would leave her in money need. Most men, therefore, save directly or indirectly through life assurance schemes. What woman has this problem?

3. Many married couples contribute financially to their elderly relatives or provide a home for them, and the cost comes from the man's wage. Many women help their relatives, but how many help relatives also of a husband who has no means?

Is there sense or reason in the claim to equality of pay when the needs of men and women are so different? Is there any woman who at, say, the age of 25 looks forward to the same money responsibilities until her old age that the majority of men do?

The rider to equal pay arguments that there should be increased family allowances for the married men, greater tax concessions, and the like seems only to nibble at the question. Any scale of allowances to be effective would have to be far more liberal and flexible than anything yet visualised. How could a scale provide for the parents who felt they should send their children to fee-paying schools? Or who felt impelled to help relatives whose absolute need could not be demonstrated?

The equal pay claim assumes an equality of conduct to which only a few women as yet subscribe. When a young man takes out a girl friend, does she usually pay half and sometimes the whole of the cost of the meal or theatre or dance? In practice, are not the money needs of even a single man greater than those of a single woman?

This matter is not one only of equity as distinct from equality of wage, but also it has an important bearing on inflationary pressure. The very large number of professional women who to-day can afford cars and foreign holidays in a way that professional married men cannot would, with equality of earnings, have a still greater margin of spending power.

A. G. GRANT

6 Harewood Hill, Darlington,
Co. Durham.

NEW ZEALAND LEGISLATION

SIR,—The New Zealand Police Offences Amendment Bill has become law, though two corrections are necessary to your correspondent's report. First, in the section defining "seditious intention" as "to bring into hatred or slander . . . the Government of New Zealand or any other part of the Commonwealth," the reference to the Commonwealth has been removed. Second, the several provisions placing the burden of proof of innocence on the accused person, have not, as your correspondent said, been removed, only modified. Evidence which is "proof [of guilt] unless the contrary is proved" has been altered to "evidence from which the Court may infer [guilt] in the absence of satisfactory evidence to the contrary." Clearly a man may still be judged guilty by default. The evidence required is slight: possession of a printing press, camera, "or any other apparatus" may be used as evidence of "seditious intention."

Mr. Holland has consolidated his plan to give New Zealanders "the proper sort of discipline which will do us all good," by a barrage of Bills pushed through before the end of the last session of Parliament. The Industrial Conciliation and Arbitration Amendment Act outlaws the use of strikes, sympathy strikes, go-slow tactics, or reduced production, either as weapons in bargaining, or "to cause loss or inconvenience to employers." A fantastic aspect of this Act is that, though a lock-out is defined as an act of an employer, for which he is punishable, union officials and members are held responsible for either a strike or *lock-out*, unless they can prove ignorance of its preparation, or held a secret ballot on it, or tried to prevent it. This would appear to be a retrospective legalisation of the ship-owners' action in the recent waterfront dispute, which was a lock-out. The Official Secrets Bill—so far as I can ascertain, not yet law—makes it illegal to be in the neighbourhood of any "prohibited place," which besides camps and arsenals, may mean a post office. It makes any map-making a risky business, and mountaineering clubs have protested against this section. Possession of the name and address of a "foreign agent"—loosely defined—is, "unless he proves the contrary," evidence that one has "obtained . . . information . . . useful to an enemy." The police can arrest without warrant anyone "reasonably suspected" of being *about to* offend against this Act. The Police Commissioner can order a suspect to attend an inquiry where failure to give satisfactory information is itself an offence against the Act. A Justice of the Peace can order search by forcible entry of a home or office, and anything may be seized as evidence of an offence. The punishment is seven years or £500, and for a company or corporation £3,000. One effect of this Bill will be to intimidate or kill such liberal bodies as the Human Rights Organisation and perhaps even the New Zealand branch of the United Nations Association.

The alarming aspect of these bills is the reversal of traditional principles of British law, by the recognition or extension of three legal principles: onus on the accused to prove his innocence; arrest on suspicion of premeditation; that a constable is a fit interpreter of a suspect's intentions. Since the Police Offences Amendment Act already makes it "seditious intention" to criticise the administration of justice, it seems that New Zealand is saddled with a tyrannical regime from which only a change of Government can release it.

BILL PEARSON

160a Haverstock Hill,
N.W.3.

REMNANTS OF EMPIRE

SIR,—On January 5 THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION ran a piece about French possessions in India. It stated that the French play for time in the organisation of referendums amongst the local populations since in Chandernagore in 1949 the voters decided for India. In point of fact, local observers have repeatedly noted that in the four remaining possessions—Pondichery, Karikal, Mahé, Yanaon—the great majority of the population wishes to remain French (cf. *The Times*, December 21, 1951). In the recent elections the opposition parties put up no candidates because they knew they could not hope for success.

The same article states further: "A group of *French observers* have toured these areas to discover whether conditions are suitable for a referendum." These persons were MM. Holger Andersen, Danish; Manual Chan, Filippino; and François Perreard, Swiss. They were part of a body of twelve independent neutrals selected by the Vice-President of the International Court of Justice.

Provision has been made for the referendums by a law passed in the French Assembly on April 3, 1950. Handing over the territories to the Indian Government without previous consultation of their inhabitants would be against the French Constitution as well as against all established democratic principles.

French Embassy, BERTRAND DE LA SALLE,
London, S.W.1. *Press Attaché*

INDIAN ELECTIONS

SIR,—In connection with Mr. Anand Prakash's letter on the Indian Elections (*N.S. & N.*, January 5) it is perhaps slightly unnecessary now to show how wrong he was in assuming that the Communist Party "has forfeited completely the confidence of the Indian people."

Up to this time the People's Democratic Front under Communist leadership has proved to be the most solid opposition to Congress. In Hyderabad and Travancore-Cochin, for instance, the P.D.F. has obtained 27 and 26 seats to the 35 and 44 of Congress and the 6 and 12 won by the Socialists. Indeed, the devastating defeat of the Socialists in Bombay is probably the most significant index to their fatuous eclecticism and fundamental lack of reality.

It has been a matter of some surprise that Left-wing Europeans have tended to look upon the Indian Socialist Party as a possible opposition group, projecting their own radicalism into the incoherent and increasingly conservative stand of Indian Socialist leadership. Perhaps the election results and the great wave of popular disgust at the Socialist débacle which, in part, hindered the P.D.F. in forming a true Left coalition will aid foreign Socialists in a more accurate evaluation of the tremendous popularity of the United Front.

RANI ROY

The University,
Lucknow, India.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES
FOR BOOKS

Stock of over three million volumes

New, secondhand and rare Books on every subject

You can take out postal subscriptions for British, American and Continental Magazines through Foyles and we have a first-class Postal Library.

Foyles Record Dept. for H.M.V., Columbia, Parlophone, Decca Long Playing and all other makes.

We BUY Books, Coins, Stamps

★

119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 lines)
Open 9-6 (inc. Sats.)

Books in General

The Universe, so far as sane conjecture can go, is one immeasurable swines' trough, consisting of solid and liquid, and other contrasts and kinds, especially consisting of the attainable and unattainable, the latter in immensely greater quantities for most pigs.

Moral evil is unattainability of Pig's wash; moral good attainability of ditto.

We are back in the Animal Farm of the Victorian Age, among the Pig Propositions of Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. We are at the stage before Orwell, before the unattainable has been made attainable by revolution and has been distributed. So the Victorians haunt us. We are still not out of the mess they were in. But what a difference of tone lies between Orwell and Carlyle! A stoical, soldierly disillusion has succeeded to the theatre of frustration. There is all the distance that lies between the Calvinist's pulpit vision of disgust and doom, and the exact betrayal in the trench. What we have seen with our eyes was still literature to Carlyle.

And history has been unkind to the preaching historian. We now pick up *Heroes and Hero Worship* gingerly: we have had to crush one or two dictator heroes. Carlyle's eventual contempt for the masses, his dream of an aristocracy of the wise, his call for a labour corps, take us back twenty years into Fascism. In England, when social injustice has been effectively attacked and constructively dealt with, the honour goes to the continuous, practical, rational efforts of the "pigs"—the heirs of Bentham and Mill—and not to the mystics and supermen. Carlyle could describe the battlefields of the past, but he had no notion that war was the superman's chief export. Or rather war was mere pulpit metaphor; he usually called it, Biblically, "fire." He denied thinking might was right; but his statement that "right is might in the long run" is comfortless; he certainly thought that might in the long run becomes right, which was pleasant enough to believe in the long Victorian peace. To later generations, it seems to be one of those question-begging pieces of rhetoric which lead us straight to the concentration camp. Yet it is not surprising that, even at his most irascible and sadistic, Carlyle was pre-eminent among Victorian prophets; he embodied the energy and the pathos, the aggression and the guilt, of those who had exchanged belief in God for belief in themselves alone; and, in many ways, Carlyle's attitude to religion is far more sympathetic than that of other apostates of history, for it was deeply tinctured by the tragic imagination and the sense of human pain. He never lost, as more optimistic or more accommodating figures did, the powerful morbidity of the Romantic movement into which he was born.

For a long time now these qualities which attracted Victorians to him, have ceased—in the changing conditions—to mean very much to ourselves. The Carlyle we have had in mind during the last thirty years or more is a more obscure figure. We see a selfish monomaniac, a neurotic made for the problem-biography and hard to elucidate. Like Tolstoy, he is now almost more famous for the struggle of his married life, than for his doctrine; his is one of the key Puritan marriages. Turning to his work, we see that his pungency, his incomparable physical portraiture and superb power of image-making, might have made him a supreme satirist, a writer as great as Swift, if he had lived 100 years earlier—or perhaps in some more solid period ahead of us. His literary fame lies, for us, in his *Reminiscences* and above all in his letters. Carlyle is one of the supreme letter-writers in English, and there is something tragically fitting in that—for in them he was a great artist because he was no longer kicking against the pricks and was entirely assimilated to life as he saw it. The famous description of Coleridge was thrown off casually in a letter:

> Figure a fat, flabby, incurvated personage, at once short, rotund, and relaxed, with a watery mouth, a snuffy nose, a pair of strange brown, timid, yet earnest-looking eyes, a high tapering brow, and a great bush of grey hair; and you have some faint idea of Coleridge . . . . He has no resolution. He shrinks from pain or labour in any of its shapes. His very attitude bespeaks this. He never straightens his knee-joints. He stoops with his fat, ill-shapen shoulders, and in walking he does not tread, but shovel and slide . . . . I reckon him a man of great and useless genius: a strange, not at all a great man.

We must add, I think, that *Sartor Resartus* is a masterpiece of the grotesque; the strain of Byronic sanity, like the strains of wild religion and pure poetry, never dried up in him, and they worked together to make him a wonderful comic writer, one of the great lyrical clowns who are subtle with self-irony and who are untainted by the cruelties of satire.

So the matter might stand. But we seem to be entering a new period when the kind of portrait I have just drawn will require modification. Professor Willey, in his *Nineteenth Century Studies*, has inquired with sensibility and sympathy into the question of Carlyle's religion; and in a new, deeply considerate and admirable biography, Mr. Julian Symons* has patiently gone into those social and political prophesyings which, most of all, had horrified liberal and Fabian thought. He has put himself into Carlyle's shoes and has related his life to his writings in a revealing and often delightful way; for Carlyle's pitiless, unsparing, almost photographic memory of his own life has preserved incomparable material for the biographer. In tracing the famous course from Chartism to contempt for the masses, Mr. Symons has scrupulously looked at this from the point of view of Carlyle's own time. The *Life* is, for a change, a non-theoretical book about Carlyle; I mean that there are no esoteric theories about the notorious questions: his dyspepsia, his sexual deficiency. And there is no *parti pris* on the marriage to Jane Welsh. The monster Carlyle is there in his incredible stoicism, bitterness, tenderness, pathos, in his generosity, his rages and his remorse; and to the intellect, when the exaggerations are washed away, is restored the force of his remarkable insights.

The main insight, on which Carlyle was to build both sane and—in his frustration—violent and sadistic conclusions, was into the power-basis of human societies. Mr. Symons writes:

> In a time when most thinkers believed that the world could be changed by good will, he understood the basis of force upon which all modern societies rest. In a time when political economists thought that the industrial revolution must bring automatically an increase in prosperity he realised that it would involve the overturning of established society. In a time of continual abstract arguments about the amount of liberty that might reasonably be allowed to human beings, he saw that liberties are obtained by one social class at the expense of another and that they are not abstract ideas but concrete realities.

It is inevitable to argue that Carlyle's cult of the hero sprang from his own pride, from the need to find a mystical father-surrogate and an alternative to the lost Biblical God of his childhood. It is impossible not to see that the individual who had been released from its classical chains by the Romantic movement was moving, unchecked, towards megalomania. It is natural to smile when, famous at last after years of grind, loneliness and suffering, Carlyle began to believe in the wisdom of the aristocracy who had taken him up and whom he had once nicknamed Gigmanity and Imposture. But Mr. Symons reminds us of the simplicity of Carlyle's character and the major cause of his social frustration. Looking at the condition of Victorian society, he longed passionately for action; looking at chaos he saw that it called for decisive authority. Dangerous talk. At bottom, it is clan talk. Carlyle's mind was formed in a society which still lived in the mental climate of the Scottish 17th century. One more imaginative, fanatical, dogmatic Scot had failed to understand English compromise.

Carlyle, says Mr. Symons, was a great magician who rubbed the wrong lamps. I have a suspicion that, even in his Chartist days, when his voice rings most truly, Carlyle's effect was not political in the sense that he added to the practical or theoretical thought of politics. He added, rather, to that part of the inner life of people, to the imagination above all, which may take them eventually into political action simply because they have become dramatically self-conscious. His objection to Bentham and Mills was fundamentally the poet's or the preacher's: they had ignored the soul, they had ignored the individual's need for a vision of his own drama and significance. Carlyle's extraordinary prose was the most genuinely revolutionary thing about him and, as Mr. Symons says, it was an act of genius: nothing more calculated to break the smooth classical reign, than this Gothic, Hebraic and Gaelic confection. It takes us back to Sterne, Mr. Symons says; but, really it goes much further back to the language of another sectary in whom also the violent pressures of Puritanism had created an intense and repressed extravagance of fantasy: to the writing of Milton. I do not think Mr. Symons makes enough of the Biblical strain. It is not the canting or whining of the dissenting tabernacles, nor the uttering of magical passwords. Energy, rather than the moral force of Milton, binds this writing which has all the Gaelic artifice, acting and love of decoration, all the intoxication of image with itself, and the peculiar Celtic cruelty. Carlyle was a Celtic pagan with the Biblical rhythms thumping in his head and the German absurdities cavorting inside him, as he wildly said "in every conceivable sense." In this monomaniacal prose

* *Thomas Carlyle.* By JULIAN SYMONS. *Gollancz.* 21s.

Carlyle was never able to resist a new allusion. Exhausting as we may find a style as consciously allusive as *Finnegan's Wake* is, we cannot but feel imaginatively enlarged by it. Humility vanishes, acceptance goes, egoism expands. We live no longer in the station in which it has pleased God to call us, but suddenly have the rights of our extraordinary fancy. We recognise our genius. In other words, we become human beings. Was not that at the heart of the tragic struggle of the poor peasant Calvinist: the struggle to become not a citizen but a human being in an iron age? Mr. Symons has certainly portrayed such a man with compassion and great skill.

V. S. PRITCHETT

RECITAL

How the tarantulas, her hands, defaced
The passive keyboard, pouncing and scuttling there,
Broke its cold smile! Intruders from the waste
Of all things wild and wilful, with what haste
Leapt into action, ravenous, to tear
Silence, their quivering prey! . . . Serpents of hair
Coil on her tilted head; she heaves and glows,
Lunges and lingers, twists in compassionate throes,
Yields to a spasm, navigates the air. . . .
She sinks and rises, floats and sinks again,
Seems to be drowning in a cosmic pain
Yet, glossing on the Masters, gives us more:
The story of her life in semaphore,
Hinted, elliptical, but still too plain.
"O for a gramophone!" mute lips implore;
"Sweet mesmerist!" entangled eyes complain.

But—look—she melts; dissolves; is merged in light.
Music receives her now. The flashing dance
That was her hands is quiet; limbs possessed
By the controlling spirit, now they rest
Though in the midst of motion (meteorite
Falls into space, yet on the lap of night
Rests like the cradled planets, deep in trance):
All-mastering rhythm is her sustenance,
No: moving now, but moved, her hands are blessed.
Into the basin's hollow, her still mind,
Flows answering sound; her fountain fingers play
And scatter fugues of beauty, the cool spray,
Which, gathered in our channelled hearing, wind
Back into bowls of stillness, and away.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

THE GARDEN LAKE

Drifted with leaves to the dense, sheltering quarter,
The endmost harbour of the lake,
The swans in grey and chestnut-headed drake
Carve their paths on the tesselated water.

The swan with breast-bone shaped like bows of ships,
Like ice-breakers that drive through floes
Divides the locking plane-leaves where it goes,
The heart-shaped poplar-leaves and willow-slips,

That give before it, melting with no pause
Like time or air most lightly pressed,
And settle after it, subside to their rest
Over the well-black pool of the wake it draws.

Now sieved through mist and branches, flecked and barred,
Gold and weak as the leaves, the sun
Raises a distant light on the grey of the swan
Like fire surmised, reflected on a cloud,

And paints the bronze-head drake sailing the fringes
Where the five-cornered plane-leaves lie
Like stars on outskirts of a galaxy;
And seems to pause here at the end of its ranges.

E. J. SCOVELL

THE WICKED ANIMAL

From Trotsky to Tito. By JAMES KLUGMANN. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 7s. 6d.

The question of Titoism—the role of Tito and the Titoites—is not a question for specialists in problems of the Balkans and of Eastern Europe. Nor is it in any sense whatsoever a private quarrel between Communists and Communists on questions of tactics and strategy, of means and methods of fighting for Socialism. It is a question from which no one who wants Socialism and, indeed, no one interested in the preservation of peace, can stand aside.

No one would quarrel with this opening statement of Mr. Klugmann's case for Stalin *versus* Tito. Unfortunately, his Cominform orthodoxy is so strict that he cannot even state, let alone discuss, the issue that makes the Soviet-Yugoslav conflict so large a factor in the cold war, and a test case for a live-and-let-live peace by negotiation.

Essentially the Cominform case against Yugoslavia is that when attacked this animal defends itself. What the West wants to know is *why* this is particularly wicked in the case of the Yugoslav animal, or, conversely, why obedience to Stalin should be the first duty of Communist Parties in other countries. To this Cominformists argue that it is impossible to build Socialism in any country without Soviet "aid and trade" (Mr. Klugmann's phrase), nor even for Socialist States to survive against capitalist intervention without the backing of the Soviet Union—therefore Communist regimes and Parties must pay whatever price the Soviet leaders exact for their "aid and trade." In short, if you do not want to be run by the Americans you must submit to being run by the Russians.

Mr. Klugmann does not make, still less argue, this point. Nor does he mention the odd fact that on this view the Stalinists are, in a one-sided way, occupying the position originally held by Trotsky the other way round: Trotsky argued that Russia was too backward to build Socialism without the "aid and trade" of more advanced countries; therefore the first duty of the Bolsheviks was to spread the revolution in Europe. To this Stalin opposed the idea of "Socialism in one country." To-day the Stalinists say that Soviet "aid and trade" are indispensable to the Peoples Democracies (and China?). To this Tito replies with a modern version of "Socialism in one country." This makes it all the odder that Mr. Klugmann proves to his own satisfaction that Tito is a lineal descendant of Trotsky—although the Trotskyist International has just condemned the Yugoslav Communist Party with a fervour equal to that of the Cominformists.

Mr. Klugmann devotes his book to proving how wicked the Yugoslav animal was and is, because and as a result of defending itself. In doing so he contradicts his own past affirmations, takes extraordinary liberties with facts and advances propositions that must strain even the seasoned and disciplined gullibility of Stalinists. It was the Yugoslavs, he says, who excluded themselves from the Cominform by refusing to discuss, with their brother Parties at the Cominform Bureau meeting, their differences with the Soviet leaders. This ignores the fact that the Soviet leaders rejected the Yugoslav invitation to send a delegation to discuss matters on the spot and look at the facts for themselves; that they summoned the Yugoslavs to admit all the charges made against them, confess and repent; that behind the backs of the Yugoslavs they sent their charges to the other Communist Parties, who endorsed them and condemned the Yugoslavs without hearing their case, before ever the Cominform Bureau met.

Again, Tito was really sabotaging and betraying the Partisan forces that he organised and led to victory, thanks, in Mr. Klugmann's own phrase from 1948, to his "wise, courageous and brilliant leadership" (from Mr. Klugmann's chapter in *Yugoslavia*, edited by John Morris). He did this because he and those around him were agents of the Gestapo at the time they were fighting a war without quarter against Germany and also agents of the British and American Intelligence Services, likewise at war against Germany! As for the 1,100 Yugoslavs (mostly Communists) who fought for the Spanish Republic, they were really agents and spies of the Yugoslav Royalist police and of the Gestapo and later of the Vichy, American and British Intelligence Services, although 600 of the 1,100 were killed in battle and 200 disabled from wounds.

After the war, during the years when Yugoslavia was hailed by the press, wireless and politicians of the Soviet Union and other Peoples' Democracies as the most thoroughgoing and Socialist of them all, with a Communist Party and leadership enjoying prestige second only to that of the Soviet Union, Tito and the other traitors were really preparing to restore capitalism, if not at home, where they were forced by popular pressure to build Socialism, at least in the six other Peoples' Democracies, if necessary by attacking them all and overthrowing their regimes.

Mr. Klugmann is careful enough to give no names or places when alleging that industries have been restored to private ownership, or even to foreign capitalists, that there are Western air and naval bases in Yugoslavia, etc. For his gloomy picture of present conditions in Yugoslavia he draws extensively on the reports of Mr. Gaston Coblentz, the *New York Herald-Tribune's* Belgrade correspondent, a bitter enemy of the Soviet Union and of Communism.

Thus, after missing his chance to discuss the real issue underlying the Soviet-Yugoslav conflict, Mr. Klugmann fails to investigate the very interesting developments in Yugoslavia since the break. Things are far from ideal, as the Yugoslavs admit. But the experiments in decentralisation; workers' management; new forms of planning, finance and taxation; the reduction of public employees by two-thirds; more freedom of speech, greater independence for the courts, protection for the indi-

THE
'Caine' MUTINY
by Herman Wouk

The best-selling American sea story: 'a novel of brilliant virtuosity . . . the descriptions of the "mutiny" and the court-martial that follows it are extraordinary pieces of imaginative writing . . . Mr. Wouk gets nearer than anyone yet to suggesting what life at sea was really like during the war': *The Times Literary Supplement*. 'Strongly recommended': *Sunday Times*. 'Remarkable accomplishment...brilliant excitement': *Observer* 15s. net
Book Society recommendation.

IRWIN SHAW
The Troubled Air
'Hypnotically readable': *Irish Times*. 'Humane, liberal, and clear-sighted book': *Manchester Guardian*. 15s. net

JANUARY 21

NORMAN MAILER
Barbary Shore
Book Society recommendation. 12s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE

SO BRIEF THE SPRING
WALTER GREENWOOD
The famous author of *Love on the Dole* has set his new novel in the delightful Cornish fishing village of Treloe. Realistic atmosphere, memorable characters and much good humour make this a book of wide appeal. Just published 10s. 6d.

THE LOVES OF FLORIZEL
PHILIP LINDSAY'S
amusing and authenti biography of THE PRINCE REGENT
"The loves of the Prince Regent are always a fascinating subject and Mr. Lindsay is a novelist of perception and excitement. This should not be missed by anyone who likes a *grande passion* and likes it royally."—NANCY SPAIN
15s.

FROM THE ANGLE OF 88
EDEN PHILLPOTTS
"The impression of a life lived with gusto, grasped with both hands, and enjoyed to the full."
—SUNDAY TIMES
"It is all delightfully readable."
—WESTERN MAIL
10s. 6d.

JUNGLE PATHFINDER
The strange life story of CHIRUPULA STEPHENSON told by
Kathaleen Stevens RUKAVINA
"A biographical leap into the colour gap . . . fascinated me."
—WESTERN MAIL
"I shall certainly keep it by me for early re-reading."
—JOHN O'LONDON'S
15s.

THE MAN WHO KILLED THE KING
DENNIS WHEATLEY
"A satisfying piece of braggadocio . . . for Pimpernel enthusiasts here are five hundred and sixty-eight pages of excitement."
—JOHN O'LONDON'S
15s.

Hutchinson

vidual against the State are absorbingly interesting. In Yugoslavia Communism is recovering its European heritage and showing that its ultimate aim is the same as that of democratic Socialism.

K. ZILLIACUS

SPANIARDS IN SICILY

The Government of Sicily under Philip II of Spain. By H. G. KOENIGSBERGER. *Staples Press.* 30s.

Spain, in its greatest century, was not a united nation but an accumulation of kingdoms; and similarly the Spanish dominions abroad were an accumulation of empires: the Castilian empire in America, the Burgundian empire in Northern Europe, the Aragonese empire in the Mediterranean, the Portuguese empire stretching from Brazil to Macao. Of all these the Spanish empire in Italy has been most neglected by historians; and yet it was in many ways the most interesting. It halted the advance of the Turks in the Mediterranean and of the Renaissance in Italy; it determined the policy of the Papacy and the direction of the Counter-Reformation; and thanks to it, Italy, in its own leaden age, supplied heroes for the golden age of Spain. Spain could find its own priests and soldiers; its great admirals and generals, diplomatists and politicians and discoverers, were mainly foreigners. Most of them—like Columbus and Doria, Gonzaga and Colonna, Farnese and Spinola—were Italians. Abandoning their own now colonial country, these men made great careers by serving the new court. Their careers are well known; what of the colony they had abandoned? Italian scholars have recently recognised the need for a more thorough study of Spanish Italy, and excellent monographs have been produced by Professor Chabod on Milan and by Signor Coniglio on Naples, at least under Charles V. Dr. Koenigsberger has now filled another gap by dealing with Sicily under Philip II.

The work behind this book is impressive. Dr. Koenigsberger has ransacked and collated the archives of Spain and Italy, and handled his vast material with sense and skill. It is a pity that he has distilled such rich material into a mere 150 pages of text: the distillation is sometimes uneven and the treatment of important subjects is necessarily hurried. The internal politics of the Sicilian towns and nobles, the nature of noble power, and the personalities of formidable proconsuls are hinted at rather than fully revealed. This seems to me an injustice to Dr. Koenigsberger's own research as well as to the reader's interest. Nevertheless, this is the only book on the subject in English, an excellent book on an important subject; it has an admirably lucid foreword by Dr. J. M. Batista i Roca on the government of the Spanish Empire in general; and scholars, presented with such a work, should rather rejoice at its existence than cavil at its brevity.

What are its conclusions? Basically Spanish rule in Sicily was not different from Spanish rule elsewhere. The "collectivism" of the sixteenth-century theorists and rulers, so obvious in their declared intentions, so absent from their achievement, was sacrificed here as elsewhere to the ever-increasing demands and ruinous costs of Spanish world-policy. The Aragonese kings had sought, in Sicily as in Naples, to reduce the political power of the barons and liberalise the government. The Hapsburgs, distrusting the "liberties" and mercantile traditions of Aragon, subjected Italy to Castile, and while they continued the anti-baronial policy of their predecessors, continued it solely in the interest of government. In the end, they openly renounced it. To the maintenance of Spanish power in the world taxes were more necessary than justice; but how could extraordinary grants be purchased from local estates dominated (through plural votes and church patronage) by the great landlords, whose social power the Crown had not dared, nor indeed (since it had a financial interest in the corn-trade) wished to touch? In the last resort the Crown had to yield to baronial demands: the right to purchase offices and the right to buy back their feudal jurisdictions. So the centralising age of the Spanish monarchy yielded to the aristocratic revival of the seventeenth century; the interest of the government shrank to an interest in bases and finance; the great viceroys of Charles V gave way to the Verrine governors of Philip III and Philip IV; and Spaniards and Italians, once their common danger from the Turks had dissolved, acquired for each other a lasting hatred. In 1639 the greatest of Sicilians, Giulio Mazzarini, broke the tradition of a century and lent his talents to the king, not of Spain, but of France. As Cardinal Mazarin, minister of France, he began the ruin of Spanish power in Italy.

In this gradual change the reign of Philip II was crucial; and reading Dr. Koenigsberger's study we see also the part played by the personality of the king. The more we read of Philip II as a politician, the smaller he seems, and the larger, by contrast, grows the figure of his father the Emperor. Charles V chose good servants and trusted them. In consequence he was well served. In forty years he had only three viceroys in Palermo. Philip II, who inherited and dismissed the only Spaniard among these three, had nine governors in forty-two years. Few of them were qualified; most of them were distrusted and spied upon by their master; the only great figure among them—the Roman Marcantonio Colonna—was sacrificed to court intrigues. Beset by local factions in Sicily and court factions in Madrid, it took a native governor—the Duke of Terranova—to succeed and survive; and Terranova, a Sicilian magnate with estates worth 40,000 *scudi* a year, was not the man to carry out the royal policy: control of the nobles.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

THE IMPERSONAL TOUCH

The Life and Works of D. H. Lawrence. By HARRY T. MOORE. *Allen & Unwin.* 25s.

It is a wise precaution to be fair at the start; so I had better start on this American account of D. H. Lawrence by quoting some remarks on the American edition. "The most useful, informed and least-opinionated book I have seen on Lawrence," wrote Stephen Spender. Other critics took the same line. They said, for instance: "The most satisfactory book on Lawrence that has yet appeared. It is not only the most thorough study of his life and works, but the most dispassionate"—"The most comprehensive all-round work on Lawrence written so far"—and, "Mr. Moore has given us the book for which we have been waiting."

Well, it depends on who we are. But still, this chorus of approval is about something—and something easily defined. The case for Mr. Moore, and equally the case against him, can be summed up, without recourse to such opinionated phrases as *un morne étonnement*, in his own words: "This book was submitted originally in partial fulfilment of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Boston University Graduate School."

And all the rest ensues. The academic treatise is a genre apart, and its abiding principle is ennui. I give this not as an idea, but as a sad experience. It has its place—in scantly-populated countries, where a work of scholarship has no market. There one becomes exceedingly familiar with it; and there one sighs for the great world, where it is worth while to be readable. Even when treating an enthralling subject for the first time, it can reduce the vital interest to a spark. And there are reasons, of course. First, it is not concerned to please; that would be *infra dig.* It must be crammed with facts; it must "include new material"; it must be guarded, scrupulous, impregnable—and a complete extinguisher. This it achieves in most improbable conditions, with the field to itself. But on an open course, and when the theme is popular and long-exploited

there are new possibilities. One of them is the "comprehensive work"—designed to get in everything, but more particularly what the early birds have left over.

For this peculiar form of composition, Mr. Moore is hardly to blame; he did not patent it, and some apparently enjoy it. He has worked hard. His book is thorough, comprehensive and dispassionate, just as they say. It is well crammed with facts, including the opinions of other people. It has a bibliography, and four appendices, and illustrations previously unpublished—therefore of doubtful interest in the main. The new material, though not impressive, has been raked up, and yields a speck or two of ore. What we already knew is dehydrated for the record.

Which really adds up to a vow of tedium. On such exhausted ground, the only novelty that matters is the new judgment, the fresh and personal approach. But these are just what Mr. Moore has sworn off; they come under the heading of opinionation. So he has a lot of space on his hands. If he is not to judge, nor yet, as a biographer, to hunt old trails, how can he fill it up?

Largely, by running through the plot of all the novels, and of all the short stories. But—to be fair again—there is a theory attached. After some time he writes:

> The value of synopsis to the interpretative critic is great: the method enables him to indicate by example the interrelational discoveries he has made about the works of an author. Synopses used in this way are not mere summaries of stories but interpretations of them through selected incidents. The critic observes those elements of stories which will illustrate his thesis about an author or which will suggest connections with other phases of the author's work, and the critic will shape such elements into his synopses. These are not a substitute for the text itself.

And then from time to time we have the close-up. As, for example:

> Lawrence's descriptive gift is in evidence throughout the "Haystacks" tale, which among other excellent passages contains this one:
>
> *Far away was the faint blue heap of Nottingham. Between, the country lay under a haze of heat, with here and there a flag of colliery smoke waving. But near at hand, at the foot of the hill, across the deep-hedged high road, was only the silence of the old church and the castle farm, among their trees.*
>
> This passage has faults, particularly the two inversions, ". . . was the faint blue heap" and ". . . was only the silence": this is an obsolescent kind of construction; it is nineteenth-century writing rather than twentieth. The inversion in the last sentence is particularly awkward because of the three sets of modifying phrases preceding the verb, but once the verb is passed the sentence becomes extremely effective . . . The first sentence, even with its "English in reverse" flaw, is extremely effective; how could it be put better than "Far away was the faint blue heap of Nottingham"?

But when we pass from these minute particulars to general ideas, a great discretion sets in: indeed, to such a point that I was baffled. I really don't know what the book is getting at. I could detect no view of Lawrence, beyond the safe assertion that he is a writer of mark—"one of the richest reading experiences of our time." As for the "doctrine"—if Mr. Moore allowed himself a voice, there are some slender indications that it would not always be favourable. For instance:

> *The Plumed Serpent* confronts many of its readers with an experience that is often found in Lawrence: although the idea of the novel, and the people in it, may not be satisfactory to the reader, he finds the writing superb. What is the secret of Lawrence's vision, and how is it that in spite of frequently unsympathetic subject-matter, Lawrence can touch his pages so brightly to life?

One could ask much the same of Strindberg, *a fortiori*. The next, and really interesting step, is to get personal. But where the interest would begin, the academic treatise leaves off.

K. JOHN

CRITIQUE OF PHOTOGRAPHS

The Magic of the Dolomites. By W. A. POUCHER. *Country Life*. 35*s*.

Rambles in the Alps. By HUGH MERRICK. *Country Life*. 30*s*.

Clouds, Wind and Water. By MANFRED CURRY. *Country Life*. 30*s*.

Portrait of Ireland. By ADOLF MORATH. *Max Parrish*. 30*s*.

The Year's Photography, 1951-2. The Royal Photographic Society. 8*s*. 6*d*.

The professional photographer does his work in a critical vacuum. For more than 100 years men and women have been taking photographs, but never has there grown up a body of criticism centering on their work. There is no such thing as a "critic of photography," though there are dozens of critics of the ballet—and some of canasta. It is the custom to give photographic books to writers to review, and the writer as a rule has just time to remark "The photographs are magnificent," or "Once again Mr. X's photographs are superb," before rushing to dispose of a volume he never wishes to see again. Praise of this sort means about as much to the serious photographer as the parent's kind words to the child concerning its drawings or its piano-playing. Of the five books listed above, the first three—all published by Country Life—deserve critical examination of a kind they quite certainly will not get.

W. A. Poucher has been photographing mountains for many years, and has an impressive list of previous books. His pictures are technically accomplished; they have clarity and depth and are carefully composed. Yet, in spite of the strange and wonderful nature of his subject-matter, he seems never to produce a staggering or breath-taking photograph. There they stand, these gigantic peaks, but in a decent, well-regulated fashion—the highest point as a rule about the middle of the page and near the top—most of

JUNGLE IN RETREAT!

The Story of a United Nations Mission in S.E. Asia led by Ritchie Calder, News Chronicle Science Editor

Beginning on Monday January 21, as an exclusive series of articles in the News Chronicle, is Ritchie Calder's remarkable account of his journey through Borneo, Java, Thailand, Burma, Pakistan, India and Afghanistan. "Jungle in Retreat!" tells the story of 800 million people in S.E. Asia, of the constant struggle for life amid poverty and ignorance and above all of the fight of Men Against Disease. It is a brilliant eye witness account of how new influences are being brought to bear on living conditions, occupations; habits and religions and of how modern science is slowly winning against reaction and prejudice.

THE FIRST ARTICLE WILL APPEAR IN THE NEWS CHRONICLE ON MONDAY, JAN. 21

Also on January 21 the News Chronicle will begin the issue of a special group of publications in the "Background to the News" service, to cover the Calder mission and amplify the newspaper articles. This group will consist of:—

a. **Map of S.E. Asia, 35" x 22", in four colours.**
b. **Dawn Over Asia**
c. **West Meets East**
} by Ritchie Calder, C.B.E.

These three publications will be available to subscribers for 3/- post paid. For this sum, schools subscribers will receive also a copy of "Teaching Notes" and a booklet in the "Background to the News" service on the British Commonwealth.

Inquiries to

NEWS CHRONICLE
12,22, BOUVERIE STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Please order through your Newsagent.

them looking singularly like each other. Everything is clear and sensible—but pedestrian. If you're thinking of going to the Dolomites, you will find Mr. Poucher's book valuable, but I can't imagine anyone leaping up half-way through and crying "Good God! Are *those* the Dolomites—why am I sitting here?"—and rushing out to buy himself a ticket.

Mr. Merrick's *Rambles in the Alps* is built round a friendly, human idea: "that it is possible for any energetic walker to extend his enjoyment of the Alps well above the snow-line into the trackless sanctuaries of the glaciers and the eternal snow." The photographs have not the technical perfection of Mr. Poucher's, and there is either a wilful persuit—or a virgin innocence—of what constitutes the photographic cliché. Here we have the climbers, smiling into the camera, posed in front of the Rhône Glacier; there the visitor, hands on hips, gazes up at the peak, or out over the valley, providing the occasional foreground figure for relief; there is even the Matterhorn's peak reflected in the Riffel Lake. But Mr. Merrick includes one or two pictures, such as that of Mont Blanc on p. 94, in which he seems—like Francis Towne before him—to have been genuinely moved, even astounded, by the nature of the landscape and his own audacity in trying to capture it. The result is a memorable picture.

Manfred Curry's book makes claims which it does not fully carry out. It consists of 100 photographs, described by the publishers as "superb." They are of clouds and water, and a good many show sailing yachts. "The photographs" it is claimed "have been selected not only to illustrate the moods of winds and waves, but to explain the laws which shape their many forms." What the reader actually gets, however, is a rather elementary 10-page essay on cloud and wave structure, followed by the pictures, which are the work of a number of photographers, taken in many parts of the world. The singularly uninformative captions ("A dismal scene," "God in Nature," "Corn") are all printed at the beginning, so that it is necessary to keep turning back to find the titles; and no attempt has been made to show just what a given picture really illustrates, or how it "explains the laws" governing winds and waves. Indeed in many cases it is manifestly impossible that it should explain anything of the sort. Some of the pictures are remarkable, but they are printed in heavy photogravure tones of blue, brown and green, which turn them often almost into silhouettes.

Portrait of Ireland, by Adolf Morath, is on a much lower level. The author has not made up his mind whether he is trying to present an imaginative, or factual, picture of the country. Portraits of the Chairman of Guinness and the P.R.O. to the Irish Tourist Board seem to imply a matter-of-fact approach—but in that case why is there no glimpse of city life apart from its formal facade of personalities, power-stations and the two or three posed craftsmen? On the other hand, if this is to be judged as a book of "atmosphere," with subjects selected on imaginative grounds, what are the P.R.O. and the manager of the Gresham Hotel doing here at all? It is fair to add that this superficial and highly-priced piece of book-making includes a few attractive portraits of countrymen.

The Year's Photography is the review of the 96th Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society. *That* it undoubtedly is, and it represents, presumably, the best work sent in to the Society. But it also calls itself "a cross section of the best contemporary photographic work"—and that it quite certainly and emphatically is not. In every field of photography, better pictures by far are being taken than those which find their way into this collection.

TOM HOPKINSON

A Major Work of Criticism

F. R. LEAVIS

The Common Pursuit

Dr. Leavis, in the most considerable work he has yet written, draws his subjects from the whole range of English literature: from Milton to Hopkins, Swift to Henry James, Bunyan to E. M. Forster. The essays, of capital importance in themselves, serve also to define a notable conception of literary criticism. *18s.*

CHATTO & WINDUS

MOUNTAINS OF ASIA

Mountains of Tartary. By ERIC SHIPTON. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 20*s.*

China to Chitral. By H. W. TILMAN. *Cambridge.* 25*s.*

The Scottish Himalayan Expedition 1950. By W. H. MURRAY. *Dent.* 30*s.*

When W. H. Murray was organising a Scottish expedition to the Kumaon Himalaya, to climb and explore, one of the first things he did was to call on Dr. Tom Longstaff, the mentor of a generation of British mountain travellers. For a day and a night Dr. Longstaff crammed him with advice and information. Then he sent him away with the proofs of his autobiography, *This My Voyage*, and in it Murray found a passage that provided him and his companions with a motive for their journey and a justification for their enthusiasm.

> Since happiness is most often met by those who have learned to live in every moment of the present, none has such prodigal opportunities of attaining that art as the traveller. . . . So long as he loses consciousness of self and is aware in all his senses of the present scene, almost any part of the world is as good as another.

Each of these three travellers has confessed a debt to Dr. Longstaff, and perhaps they would all agree that he is describing the life they have tried, and are trying, to make for themselves.

Mr. Shipton and Mr. Tilman are famous as mountaineers, but there is less climbing than usual in these new books by them. During the Forties Mr. Shipton spent two terms as British Consul-General at Kashgar in Sinkiang, the Central Asian province of China, between Russia and Tibet. Most of *Mountains of Tartary* is concerned with the journeys he was able to take away from his work. Mr. Tilman visited him in 1947 and 1948, and their books cover much the same ground. Together they travelled widely in the odd corners of this prodigious land where a week-end is long enough for a trip into unknown territory. They made several attempts to climb high mountains. Particularly, they acquired a strong and affectionate sense of the country and its people. Southern Sinkiang, where Mr. Shipton was stationed, consists of a vast desert basin, thinly sprinkled with oases and almost entirely surrounded by great mountain ranges. These include the Pamirs which are the Bam-i-dunya or Roof of the World of Marco Polo. The whole country is obscured eight days out of ten by a dust haze. The people, Turki and Kirghiz, are farmers or nomads: the latter are great hunters who train eagles (they fly them like falcons) to run down small antelope, foxes and even wolves. The winter in Sinkiang is so cold that the peasants bury the vines and the fig trees to protect them from frost, but you have only to make a day's journey from the capital to find a place where it never freezes and where the inhabitants live in summer in cellars under their houses to escape from the heat. This is the Turfan Depression, which lies in the exact centre of Eurasia, the farthest point on the earth's surface from the sea, and a thousand feet below it.

The mountaineering, keenly anticipated, was a bit of a failure. Mr. Shipton puts this down to a loss of skill, judgment and nerve resulting from years spent among mountains like the Himalaya where the proportion of travelling to climbing is so much greater than in the Alps. On the whole, he is not sorry: the benefits of mountain travel and exploration (as Dr. Longstaff had always said) are greater than those of peak-bagging. "Mountain-climbing is a substitute for mountain exploration," except in the case of mountains where "some kind of intimacy, either personal or historical," gives point to the ambition to climb them. What makes an expedition worth while is the occasional moments of perception and understanding of one's surroundings, not the exhilaration of achievement or the pride of knowledge. This looks like a wise and sensible compromise, and a proper basis to travel on; and *Mountains of Tartary* is a very civilised book. Mr. Shipton is a brave and modest man, with imagination and a sense of humour, who dislikes pomp and fuss. At the same time he has the anxious self-confidence and the directness of the expert, and he allows himself an occasional show of testiness. His descriptions of his climbs have the orderliness and sense of sequence and the fascination of well-written campaign history. He writes well:

> We passed some glaciers, hideously deformed, blackened with rubbish, coiled like repulsive serpents in their sunless chasms.

Or, describing a glissade down a steep ice-couloir:

> The next moment I seemed to be falling through space with hardly any contact on the ice. The rushing wind caught my breath, but at the same time I felt as if I were shouting at the top of my voice.

Mr. Tilman comes through in his earlier books as a most attractive personality, but in *China to Chitral* his characteristic exuberance is played up to the point of parody. The gloomy boasting, the tedious literary jokes and the deafening facetiousness are hard to bear. The photographs, however, are excellent: there is a picture of the mosque and market-place at Kashgar that confirms a child's dream of Marco Polo Land.

Mr. Murray's book is a straightforward and rather solemn account of four months' Himalayan travel by a small party. They travelled light and lived hard. It is an addict's book: anybody who is capable of being bored by the routine of expedition life—the grumbly early risings, the sore throats and the blisters, the interminable brew-ups—will not enjoy it. (The photographs are very beautiful.) Mr. Murray and his three friends had never been to the Himalaya before: while they were learning the practical lessons, sometimes painfully, they could also reap the rewards of an open mind. Once Mr. Murray rises to the austere eloquence of Conrad.

> A tall deodar grew on the pass and thrust high across the track a knarled branch, from which a great bell hung. Facing it across the track was a little wayside shrine, and between the two, just under the bell, towered Nanda Ghunti. The sun flooded over the ground, over the shrine and the bell and the deodar, burnishing all with that wonderfully mellow light, which is the blessing of May mornings. I saw it shine over the raven locks of the Dotials and draw out a blue sheen, a peculiar beauty not to be seen on a white man's hair. They rose, several of them, having dumped their loads, and came back to ring the bell. Toshi

MARIE RAMBERT writes:—
'A great book ... the best on ballet since Karsavina's *Theatre Street*.'

Dance to the Piper
AGNES DE MILLE
'This book is fascinating because it is not only about the woman who wrote it; it is about dancing. Her view of other dancers has a poetical intensity.'—MARGARET LANE (*Sunday Times*). *Illustrated. 18s. net*

The Price of Revolution
D. W. BROGAN
'The interplay of learning with wit is continuous.'—RAYMOND MORTIMER (*Sunday Times*). 'Possesses not only insight and clarity, but also wit.'—*Economist*. 'Brilliant.'—*Spectator*. *15s. net*

After All
NORMAN ANGELL
Praised by the Critics (B.B.C.), and all important papers as an inspiring record of a great man's life. *18s. net*

Recent Successes

The Moods of London
R. J. CRUIKSHANK *10s. 6d. net*

The Devil in Velvet
JOHN DICKSON CARR *12s. 6d. net*

The Blessing
NANCY MITFORD *10s. 6d. net*

HAMISH HAMILTON

The Ethics of Redistribution
B. DE JOUVENEL
Two lectures on some neglected aspects and consequences of the redistribution of incomes. *8s. 6d. net*

The Background of Modern French Poetry
P. MANSELL JONES
French poetry since Baudelaire, including accounts of personal interviews with the leading post-Symbolist poets. *18s. net*

Science & Humanism
E. SCHRÖDINGER
Physics in our time seen as part of man's general endeavour to grasp the human situation. *8s. 6d. net*

Sophocles the Dramatist
A. J. A. WALDOCK
A vigorous critique of the plays as plays, preceded by a consideration of the problems involved in the study of drama. *16s. net*

CAMBRIDGE
UNIVERSITY PRESS

Ready on January 24th

PLEASURES OF NEW WRITING
Edited by John Lehmann
In his new bumper anthology, John Lehmann offers a further selection from the pages of his famous magazine, including stories, sketches and poems by V. S. Pritchett, Elizabeth Bowen, Osbert Sitwell, Lionel Trilling, Ignazio Silone, George Orwell, W. H. Auden, and many other writers. *21s.*

END AS A MAN
Calder Willingham
When this novel first appeared in America it caused a sensation. Told with scandalous wit and realism in a vivid fast-moving prose, it is the story of a group of young men thrown together in a Southern military academy. *10s. 6d.*

Coming in February

CHEKHOV THE DRAMATIST
by David Magarshack *Illus. 21s.*

MIRACLE AT CARVILLE
by Betty Martin *12s. 6d.*

THE MOON AND THE BONFIRE
by Cesare Pavese *10s. 6d.*

JOHN LEHMANN

Just published

The Mistaken Land

MICHAEL ARDIZZONE

A record of four years close observation of the South African conflict. The author believes South Africa to be on the verge of chaos and bloodshed, which may lose to the free world not only the Union but the whole of Africa south of the Sahara. 8s. 6d. net

Two Pleasures for Your Choosing

CONNERY CHAPPELL

A reconstruction of the life and world of William Crockford, one of the most spectacular gamblers of the 19th century. Crockford ruled the London and Newmarket gaming rooms and many of the legends concerning his exploits appear in the sporting prints of the period. 12s. 6d. net

FALCON PRESS

GREATEST INVENTION SINCE THE ALPHABET

Gives the RIGHT word at a glance
Every man or woman, who uses words, will find this Idea and Word Chart a priceless boon. It's a godsend to all. It gives the word you want when you want it. It provides brilliant word-power.
Gilbert Frankau, the Famous Author, says: "... *the best adjunct that I have so far discovered—it is not going to leave my desk.*"
Send TO-DAY for a FREE specimen of the Idea and Word Chart embodied in a descriptive brochure. Enclose 2½d. stamp for postage.

PSYCHOLOGY PUBLISHING CO., LTD.
(Dept. NSN HV 33) MARPLE, CHESHIRE.

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE
Founder: WM. BRIGGS, LL.D., D.C.L., M.A., B.SC.
Principal: CECIL BRIGGS, M.A., M.C.

COURSES OF STUDY

U.C.C. prepares students for London University Degrees (*obtainable without residence*) in Arts, Science, Economics, Commerce, Laws, etc.; General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels) Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others, Teachers' Diplomas and Certificates, Professional Prelim. exams., Civil Service, Local Government. The College, founded 1887, is an Educational Trust, and has a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Moderate fees; instalments.

★ Write for FREE PROSPECTUS to Registrar,
70 Burlington House, Cambridge

George F. Kennan
AMERICAN DIPLOMACY 1900—1950
"I have not read a more important book since the war"... R. H. S. Crossman (reviewing American Edition) in *New Statesman*.
"One of the keenest minds that have been applied in our time to the problem of relations between States."...
Daily Telegraph, Feb 7th. **12s 6d.**

John Culshaw
A PLACE OF STONE
A compelling story of political betrayal and the hunter who becomes hunted, set in contemporary Spain.
Book Soc. Rec. **12s 6d.**

Hervé Bazin
HEAD AGAINST THE WALL
A grim study of degeneracy and the borders of insanity, revealing M. Bazin as a novelist of uncompromising talent.
15s.

SECKER & WARBURG

went to the shrine first and prayed for a couple of minutes, then rang the bell afterwards, and sat down to watch Nanda Ghunti. It shone gently in the still air, flashing brightly only at the uttermost tip.

Towards the end of the expedition, when the four men were walking down through the Kumaon villages to the plains, with the maize standing along the path twice as tall as a man, and the francolins calling, and giant bright-hued butterflies dancing round their heads, they received a letter from Dr. Longstaff:

> You have seen the best—and now will understand what I mean by "living in the present"; just forget all before-and-after and soak the moment into you so that it will never come out. Just travel is the thing. . . . Enjoy—and for always, as you can through concentration.

That is only a beginning, of course: a kind of technique for having a lot of pleasant experiences rather than a means of getting the hang of them. It has been said that travel ministers to a profound and permanent component of the human spirit, that the deepest symbolism of our minds is rooted in the aboriginal experience of a journey. It is a tantalising notion. We had better let it alone: a good guess like that can take its chance: we are talking now about the subtle mines of the mind; simple to understand, impossible to describe.

PETER DUVAL SMITH

NEW-FANGLED DETECTION

Keep Cool, Mr. Jones. By TIMOTHY FULLER. *Heinemann.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

A Banner for Pegasus. By JOHN and EMERY BONETT. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Murder in Moscow. By ANDREW GARVE. *Collins.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Kind Man. By HELEN NIELSEN. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Red Tassel. By DAVID DODGE. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Call for Michael Shayne. By BRETT HALLIDAY. *Jarrolds.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

What Rhymes with Murder. By JACK IAMS. *Gollancz.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The Devil's Elbow. By GLADYS MITCHELL. *Michael Joseph.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Date with Darkness. By DONALD HAMILTON. *Wingate.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

This list provides the clearest evidence of the change in taste during the last 20 years. Not a single item conforms to what used to be the sealed pattern of detection: a stylised riddle, fitted out with clues and red herrings and governed by recognised rules of procedure, in which the reader pits his own wits against those of the detective, and hopes to emulate him, if not to best him, in reaching the solution. Modern readers no longer relish such problems, and are quick to condemn Mrs. Christie's fine art of deception either as a confounded nuisance or as downright trickery. The "whodunit," as it has been vulgarly labelled, is on the way out, and will soon be as extinct as the double acrostic. Just as we now prefer baby beef to those great sirloins which made our ancestors' sideboards groan, so the public likes to chew tenderer detective meat than of yore. We resent being misled and bamboozled, and our vanity requires that we should be jollied along and gratified every inch of the way.

The change may be of sociological importance, as Mr. Raymond Chandler seems to think, but it is useless to bemoan it. With a staple article of diet such as detection, the consumer must always be right. Under the new dispensation the detective story ceases to have a pedigree of its own and is crossed with the thriller to produce an exciting series of events loosely connected with murder. All the old rules of procedure have gone by the board, except that the killer must eventually expiate the crime and that his or her identity must be kept to the last as a pleasant surprise. No more pompous challenges to the reader, no more dreary recapitulations of the established facts of the case, no more timetables or plans of the premises. Perhaps, may we hope, no more murders for impossible motives in impossible circumstances. The authors have had nothing to lose but their chains, forged by long tradition.

Mr. Timothy Fuller is a brilliant exponent of the modern technique. Jones, his amateur detective, is a well-educated man with unobtrusive manners and an agreeably sophisticated outlook on life, whose methods of deduction are as conversational and humane as those of Inspector Maigret, while considerably more brisk than the celebrated Frenchman's. The other characters in *Keep Cool, Mr. Jones*, proffer a cross-section of small town society in the arty-crafty vicinity of Cape Cod, ranging from the Chief of Police, who gets killed, to a half-caste Indian, who also gets killed. Jones brings an impartial eye to bear on the town, and singles out the murderer after some subtle reasoning as the only person whose character fits the crime. Mr. Fuller's style is most engaging, and he cannot write too often for our comfort.

The Bonetts are a light-hearted couple who can hardly bear the dreary implications of murder. In *A Banner for Pegasus* they are happily employed with the amusing antics of a film company making hay of the English countryside until the time comes to call off the fun and buckle down to the body. From that point the story loses some of its carefree zest, although the blame for the death of the film director is not hard to assign. A dark horse in the offing has been pawing the ground with impatience, waiting to be saddled with the responsibility.

Murder in Moscow wraps up a somewhat elementary crime in rich Muscovite trimmings. One of a party of peace delegates from Britain is murdered in the Moscow hotel by one of his colleagues. A newspaper correspondent's efforts to solve the case run up against stolid Russian indifference to Western ideas of right and wrong. Andrew Garve's previous experience qualifies him to give an authentic peep behind the Curtain, but has not bereft him of political prejudice. The culprit, when detected, is sentenced to a fate worse than death—Soviet citizenship!

Miss Nielsen rattles off one of those lively Californian plots that do not stand up to close inspection. *The Kind Man* is kind enough to perish out of misplaced magnanimity; coincidence is used unmercifully; and the killer seems to have no better motive than Iago or Claggart. Yet these vagaries are not ruinous to the book. A genial detective of the hayseed variety sustains our interest; while Miss Nielsen papers over the cracks in her composition with considerable literary ability.

The Red Tassel is an exotic from Bolivia. Among the llamas, witch-doctors and other fauna of the high Andes, who is it that murders the mine manager? At an altitude where the least exertion throws a strain on the lungs Mr. Dodge is able to introduce even more breathless excitement than usual into his patent mixture of criminal investigation with romance.

Michael Shayne, the tough dick who has been haunting the Florida waterfront for years, rarely needs further publicity. But in *Call for Michael Shayne* he calls for attention in a nice case of amnesia. A man who should have been on a yacht near Cuba wakes to find himself still at Miami with a dead man's shoe protruding from under the bed. From his box of tricks Mr. Halliday pulls out a fast solution, but maybe a little too fast. How long, in fact, do moustaches take to grow?

A publisher's fanfare greets Mr. Iams on his first visit from U.S.A. *What Rhymes with Murder?* is, indeed, a most readable and accomplished work, written in forceful style, with amusing dialogue and chromium-plated characters; but, as detection, it insults the feeblest intelligence. An English poet of amorous propensities on lecture tour in the States is shot down on a porch in the Middle West. Almost anyone might have killed such a Don Juan; but from a fistful of suspects Mr. Iams has to pick the most absurd for his purpose. The title of the book turns out to be a mere flourish of rhetoric, for the murder in question is without rhyme, or reason for that matter.

Complacent victims of Miss Mitchell should not miss *The Devil's Elbow*, in which she exercises her frightful, but undeniable, talent at the expense of the passengers on a coach tour through the Highlands. The body before discovery has to be passed from hand to hand like a Rugby football, and there are the usual scenes of utter irrelevance, but, to our amazement, the plot may be said to work; perhaps because Mrs. Bradley has for once been pushed to a back seat!

The last item is an unmitigated thriller. In *Date with Darkness* a U.S. Navy lieutenant gets taken for several sorts of a ride by European desperadoes engaged in a political vendetta. Mr. Hamilton takes the straight plunge into the depths of depravity, where he plays five-finger exercises on sex and sadism to satisfy the most jaded appetite. One concession alone he makes to our foible of morality: this unheroic hero, after renouncing under stress every decent human instinct, still has strength to revere his mother and the United States Navy.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

The Bank as

Executor

Administrator

Trustee

THIS BOOKLET describes the services Lloyds Bank can offer in the administration of estates and trusts. A copy can be obtained on request from any branch of the Bank.

LLOYDS BANK
LIMITED

THE SOLDIER AND THE OFFICER

The Letters of Private Wheeler, 1809-1828. Edited by B. H. LIDDELL HART. *Michael Joseph.* 18s.

Peninsular Cavalry General, 1811-1813. Edited by T. H. MCGUFFIE. *Harrap.* 15s.

For many of us the events of the Napoleonic Wars have been compounded into a richly romantic plum-pudding. Among its essential ingredients are Boney, Prinny, Lady Hamilton and the Iron Duke. Captain Hornblower may be added to taste. All kinds of writers and artists have contributed to the recipe: Napier, Rifleman Harris, Johnny Kincaid, Harry Smith, Charles Lever (who wrote what sounded like "rollicking" reminiscences though in fact he was only nine in the year of Waterloo), Meissonnier, Heath (with his bright formalised battlescapes), and, of course Byron.

The letters of Private (later Sergeant) Wheeler and General Long offer a welcome escape from the stylish and heroic simplification that has been imposed upon the period. They write as contemporaries, and no fine flourishes have been tacked on subsequently. Of the two books, Wheeler's makes the greater appeal to the general reader, and indeed holds greater interest for the military historian. In the first place, for obvious reasons most memoirs and novels have described these campaigns in terms of the officer. It is rare to hear from the private soldier. It is also rare to learn of the peacetime army, for most reminiscences end with the fighting, whereas about one-third of Wheeler's account describes life with the army of occupation outside Paris, and then the tour of duty of his regiment (the 51st, now the 1st Battalion K.O.Y.L.I.) in the Ionian Isles. And it is still rarer to find a private soldier who can write well, and is not writing because he has a grievance to air. Wheeler is that almost non-existent being of the past, the literate man who is also an ordinary soldier, with the same appetites and aversions as his fellows. He is no author *manqué*, but his letters are vivid and readable (and would have been still more so if Captain Liddell Hart could have included a map of the Peninsula in his otherwise admirable edition). Wheeler emerges as a sturdy, sensible, cheerful character, a professional who is neither brutal nor squeamish. Here is a typical comment: "Some hours after the stragglers came up and my comrade with them, he was doubly welcome for I was doubtful whether he was alive or not, besides he had all the biscuits." He makes no apologies for cutting the lace from a dead enemy officer, or for plundering after Vittoria. On the whole, he is proud of his part, and reasonably contented with his lot. "Old Nosey," as he calls Wellington, is a leader that he would follow anywhere.

From his letters—also well edited—Long is less likeable. Confident, energetic, certainly more intelligent than the kind of cavalryman that Thackeray afterwards caricatured in *Punch*, he is nevertheless a failure, whether or not he deserved to be. His letters are full of disappointment and recrimination. While Wheeler and his friends smoke their pipes, or go in search of a drink, Long is engaged in cheerless reflections on promotion and supersession. For him, Wellington is a capable but arrogant commander. Promoted steadily toward obscurity, Long can see only the shapeless futility of the war, and comes to write: "I dislike butchery, and of all kinds of butchery that of the human species is to me the most odious." The letters of both men reveal that the campaigns of the Napoleonic era were at best, as Tolstoy maintained, extraordinarily chaotic affairs. Ill-knit, variously clad, speaking half a dozen different languages, Wellington's troops had little of the neatness suggested by military prints. Where all was confusion, the little regimental cluster offered a sense of stability. Such stability was notoriously lacking in the British cavalry, which was apt to charge itself to success and thence, lacking the power to stop, into disaster. Long saw war as disintegration, Wheeler as comradeship—if only that of a few cronies. Their letters are a world away from *Harry Lorrequer*, and those of Wheeler at any rate make better reading.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

TWELVE GOOD MEN

The Juryman's Handbook. By ALEC BROWN. *Harvill Press.* 10s. 6d.

Even if no lawyer would have written this book (lawyers don't serve on juries) it is surprising that no layman has attempted it before. As Mr. Brown says, "we are minutely instructed on how to renew ration books, but not even advised by the State on how to perform one of our fundamental democratic duties." This is a "handbook" only by virtue of its 8-point type, which is trying to the eyes in a book of 150 pages. But Mr. Brown has contrived, I think, to pack everything into it, agreeably and readably, except one urgently needed explanation. Why is it that judges so often say to juries half-way through a case: "You will please return a verdict of not guilty, in this case, by my direction"? Having heard no word in the prisoner's defence and being unable to concede, on the common-sense basis for which they are so lyrically praised, that there is no case for him to answer, they are completely bewildered and sometimes resentful.

There are two classes of potential jurors in this country: a large one that hopes (and, when the time comes, usually tries) to dodge serving, and a tiny one that longs to serve. The smaller one would probably be ample for all purposes, but the sacred principle of random selection ignores it. Although this book is addressed to both, it shows a lively sense of the hardship frequently entailed by jury service—and but little relieved by the niggardly allowances made possible for the first time in the Jurors Act of 1949. It also shows, in its presentation of juries as "the dykes which protect our democracies," insufficient regard to the fact that over 99 per cent. of our criminal cases are never tried by juries at all.

Mr. Brown's book was so well worth compiling, and could be of such permanent value, that it seems to me right to spare it no criticisms. He insists throughout, for example, on the status of the Crown as "supreme arbiter," though the Crown may be a defendant and is usually the prosecutor. He sees the accused person as "the principal actor" in a trial (page 53), whereas unless the prisoner gives evidence on his own behalf (a diminishing practice) he is no more than a lay figure. He says that the right of objecting to a juror without giving a reason is "a privilege in English law limited to trials for treason" (page 140), whereas seven jurors in succession may be challenged "without cause" by anyone indicted for any offence at all. In an interesting chapter on the jury and its counterpart in other countries, he says (page 124) that in Denmark "any court trying a case which may involve the death penalty must be reinforced by four lay justices"; but the death penalty was abolished in Denmark in 1933. And he has missed a wonderful opportunity to translate the Juries Act of 1825 from gibberish into plain English, so that everyone might know who is liable for service and (more urgently) who is not. For me, moreover, his book would gain in authority by the omission of such Jingoisms as (page 146) "our notorious sense of compromise, that quality in us which, to the consternation of other peoples, has so often in the past enabled us to surmount obstacles with flexible vitality." (Why don't we sometimes pause to imagine such words written in French, German, or Japanese?)

Despite all this, Mr. Brown recognises that the qualifications for jury service are "basically class limitations." In his own village, he says (page 129), "out of some 200 persons on the elector's list, there are only five jurors, a fine selection, in-

OH ROOSEVELT!

Roosevelt said in 1943: "I see no reason for putting the lives of American soldiers in jeopardy in order to protect real or fancied British interests on the European continent."

At Teheran, by blocking Churchill's proposals for the use of Allied troops in the Balkans, he accepted the prospect of Russian domination of the European continent.

At Yalta, by sanctioning Russia's inheritance of the Japanese conquests in the Far East, he accepted the certainty of Russian predominance in Asia.

READ

THE STRUGGLE FOR EUROPE

by CHESTER WILMOT

Out on Monday Collins 25s.

Many thousands of people in all walks of life have discovered that their banking requirements, however modest, are given personal attention at the Westminster Bank. The Manager at any branch will gladly tell you more about the Bank and the facilities it provides

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

Herbert Morrison says of **Germany's New Nazis**

"It clearly and dramatically states the German political situation . . ."

From all booksellers 5/-

JEWISH CHRONICLE PUBLICATIONS

"IRON CURTAIN"?
You can get the **facts** in
THE NEW CENTRAL EUROPEAN OBSERVER
Editor: Rev. Stanley Evans
6d. fortnightly. 12/- year post free.
From all bookshops or
40, Great Russell Street, W.C.1.

WAYFARERS
For the best holidays abroad

YUGOSLAVIA, BALEARIC ISLANDS, ANDORRA, NORWAY, SPAIN, AUSTRIAN TYROL wherever you may decide to go, you can be sure of a happy holiday with The Wayfarers. You really must see our free illustrated programme for 1952. It contains details of attractive holidays in many countries, with party or individual travel, coach-tours, conducted tours, coach tours and cruises; at keen prices which allow ample spending money.

May we send you a copy?

THE WAYFARERS TRAVEL AGENCY LTD.
Tours Dept. "S," 33 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Tel.: EUSton 4181
Well-known for over 30 years as first-class Travel Agents

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examination, B.Sc. Econ., LL.B. and other external London University Degrees, **Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations, etc.**

Also expert postal tuition for **Prelim. Exams.** and for the professional exams. in **Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management,** etc., and many intensely practical courses in commercial subjects.

MORE THAN 50,000 POST-WAR EXAMINATION SUCCESSES

Free Advice and Coaching until Successful. Text-book lending library. Moderate fees payable by instalments. Write to-day for prospectus, sent FREE and POST PAID, stating exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary,

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
(Dept. 41) ST. ALBANS or call, 30, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4

deed, for the age of Socialism!" Truth to tell, that proportion is high: in the Queen's Park Ward of Paddington in 1949 there were 41 jurors out of 7,784 electors—that is to say 0.6 per cent. In explaining the whole system Mr. Brown, though not himself uncritical, stoutly upholds its value in a world where such guarantees are everywhere in danger. But we shall not serve its cause by overstating the value we actually place upon it ourselves.

C. R. HEWITT

SHORTER REVIEWS

Spinoza. By STUART HAMPSHIRE. *Penguin Books.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

"Spinoza is probably the most difficult of all the great philosophers to understand . . . without some general introduction to his methods and purposes." But Mr. Hampshire is the ideal interpreter, so long needed. He obviously finds his subject congenial. He exploits all the new linguistic philosophical equipment to bring out what Spinoza is doing. He provides the parallels and illustrations which are essential to make the work of such an isolated, austere and unfamiliar thinker come alive to-day. He develops, for instance, an analogy between Spinoza and Freud; who both "represent moral problems as essentially clinical problems, which can only be confused by the use of epithets of praise and blame, and by emotional attitudes of approval and disapproval." And yet he never slips into the partisan interpretations of those who assure us that what so and so really meant was something which, unaccountably, he failed actually to say. Spinoza's system is outlined comprehensively in five chapters—"The Philosophical Background," "Outline of Metaphysics," "Knowledge and Intellect," "Freedom and Morality," "Politics and Religion"—and these are followed by a sixth in which Mr. Hampshire, thoroughly contemporary and yet completely sympathetic, discusses the "Nature of Metaphysics." Biography is relegated, fittingly, to an appendix.

This is the first of a new series of philosophical Pelicans; and it sets a very high standard for its successors. It claims to make Spinoza "intelligible both to the student of philosophy and to the general reader." This is true; and it is an achievement. Nevertheless, it will have to be a strenuous general reader.

Headaches. By NOAH D. FABRICANT. *Staples Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

We all take headaches too lightly, says Dr. Fabricant, who has studied them. They may be due to sinus infection, eyestrain, high blood pressure, brain injury, or evenings out—or they may be "psychogenic." In each case they are merely symptoms, which you can sometimes suppress for a time with aspirin while leaving the cause totally unaffected. This is a highly informative and attractively written book, full of good reading for the hypochondriac but not to be shrugged off with the *Reader's Digest* merely because it tells you that when you blush, the lining of your stomach blushes, too. Many people will turn at once to the long chapter on migraine, because of its supposed monopoly by the intellectual. Alas, the intellectual hardly gets a mention! Dr. Fabricant allows that country people and manual labourers get migraine less than city men and mental workers, which "undoubtedly furnishes some evidence pointing to the occupational hazards in the life of a thinker rather than a doer." But they probably get flatulence and dyspepsia less, too, and these have no obvious alliance with deep thought. The most this author admits is that many migraine patients are "apt to be perfectionists, highly emotional, tense, and over-conscientious." And he offers them a Socratic cure: "Know thyself." Keep a diary, for a time, about the food you eat and the things you do, and then stop eating and doing the ones that immediately preceded migraines.

The Heart's Memory. Pages from the diary of Madame de Lamartine. Edited and translated by EUSTACE HARGRAVE. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Madame de Lamartine, the mother of the poet, was a Royalist who coincided with the Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, a reactionary who gave birth to one of the first French Romantics, a fundamentally classically minded woman who fell under the spell of Rousseau and Chateaubriand. She overlapped, in other words. She was also very good. Both her historical situation and her character give considerable interest to the diary which she kept from 1801 until her death twenty-eight years later. *Le Manuscrit de ma mère* first appeared in 1871 with a commentary by Lamartine. Here are many of its best pages. She writes in the intimate tradition of Madame de Sévigné whom of course she read incessantly, but she lacks her wordly sparkle and Nature impressed her so much more profoundly. Lamartine's mother must, significantly, have been one of the first devout women to sound the new note in devotion; mountains confirmed her faith. She disliked the opera and adored the country. Much of her time was spent at her home at Milly in Burgundy; and from her relations with country people there one sees that it was such women, and the families they held together, who were the constant stabilising force in French society during a very unstable period. When her son began to write poems she hoped that he would do something *plus solide*, but success melted her heart. Mr. Hargrave's translation is loose but readable.

The Artist at Work. By H. RUHEMANN and E. M. KEMP. *Penguin Books.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Surely you can't paint a picture unless you are inspired? How long does it take to learn the technique of painting? These two popular questions are unanswerable, for neither inspiration nor technique are independent constant factors, and as soon as they are treated as though they were, they become bogys. A painter's technique is dependent on his vision; the two grow together. Inspiration is more often than not a by-product of the activity itself: a form of perseverance rather than a visitation. It is a tribute to Mr. Ruhemann and Mrs. Kemp that, in a popular book, they have tackled the problem of explaining this and tackled it in the most sensible way possible—visually. This is a sort of annotated scrapbook and nearly every page (there are 70 pages and 175 reproductions, 30 in colour) has its illuminating surprise. Taking examples from the works of various important artists from Duccio to Matisse, the authors show how attitudes and techniques have changed—by diagrams, comparisons and enlarged details. The brief notes which explain the illustrations are informative, but often so condensed that they are difficult to understand. In the Appendix (*Some Misconceptions*) Mr. Ruhemann allows himself a little more space and is able to be more lucid and stimulating. And that is really the point: this book is occasionally over-dogmatic, some of the colour reproductions are weak, the choice of some illustrations is odd, but it remains both stimulating and sensible. It can be recommended to all who do not wish to separate knowledge from enjoyment—nor inspiration from technique.

New Letters of Robert Browning. Edited by W. C. DE VANE and K. L. KNICKERBOCKER. *Murray.* 30*s.*

If not one of the great, Browning is one of the big letter writers, energetic in correspondence as in everything else. These new letters, making up with footnotes to a fat volume, add perhaps little that is essential, and yet, coming fresh to them, a reader would gather nearly the whole Browning story. His theatrical ventures, his playfulness (through the post) with admiring women, his prodding of publishers, his quick arrival and the obstinate unsaleability of much of his best work: all this, introducing a host of acquaintances and friends, will be found in the present volume. Even marriage and the death of his wife, already pretty well documented, are imparted here in some detail: a long letter to John Forster, described by Carlyle as "very manly, true and honest; increasing one's love for Browning," conveys the last weeks of illness unforgettably. This crucial point occurs rather less than halfway through, and what follows, with the lover become the father, growing bouncingly older, comes necessarily as anticlimax. But Browning stimulates and irritates to the end. Thanks to the editors' profuse annotation the book is, so far as an average reader is concerned, almost self-complete; its further object is to advance Browning scholarship, and to clear the way for "a full and proportioned biography of the poet." So far as we can judge, the editors, who have taken

enormous pains to track down not only letters but abstruse references, have come up to their own high standards; American thoroughness distinguishes every one of these 415 pages, and—what is not so common—Messrs. de Vane and Knickerbocker themselves employ a good terse English.

It's an Old Scottish Custom. By NEIL MCCALLUM. *Dobson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In this engaging but patchy book, Mr. McCallum appears to have had two aims—the delineation of the essential Scot and the compilation of a medley of folk tales, anecdotes, and colourful personal reportage. The result is a somewhat shapeless prose anthology strung along chapter-headings which divide the Scot's characteristics artificially into convenient classifications ranging from superstition to tolerance of Europe's worst slums, from the hard-headedness of the engineer to the capacity to love (genuinely or sloppily) mountains, islands, old Border customs and Robert Burns. Though he is occasionally careless in his quotation, Mr. McCallum is a sensitive observer and writes agreeably: he salts his porridge with pleasant wit, and has collected for English palates an edifying dishful of lore. (For instance, how many Southern readers are familiar with the old fertility rites still current in Scotland, or know that the "low road" to Loch Lomond lies through the underworld?)

In more serious vein, he writes well of the squalor and the fierce, warm heart of Glasgow; and nearly as well—though he might have acknowledged his considerable indebtedness to the late A. G. Macdonnell—of the degradation of the Highlands under English hegemony. But these impressionist jottings scarcely make a finished profile of the real Scotland, moody and complacent, pawky and romantic, uproarious and defeated.

Looking for History in British Churches. By M. D. ANDERSON. *Murray.* 25*s.*

In our old churches more than anywhere else there exists accumulative and continuous evidence of our growth from a simple rural economy to an extremely complicated urban one. Until comparatively recently, too, the village and small-town churches were the focal-points of ordinary, everyday English life, secular as well as religious; and in no other country are there so many churches.

It is a fascinating story that Miss Anderson has to tell. In village churches the past comes more vividly to life than it can in formal history books—which anyhow most of us don't read. This book, in its wise, composed and quite unpretentious way, cannot but make the reader aware of the intimate working of the medieval mind; that is to say, not the gloss of the historian on the medieval mind, but actually how men thought during the Barons War, the Armada, the struggle between King and Parliament, the wondrous explorations into the new world and the East. It is all to be discovered in the churches of this country, in the memorials on their walls and the tombstones in their graveyards.

Whitaker's Almanack, 1952. *J. Whitaker.* 15*s.*; *shorter edition* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Important happenings on a Thursday have long been a bugbear to weekly periodicals; how much more so to the Editor of an annual must be a General Election and the appointment of Ministers in late October and November. The publishers of *Whitaker* are to be congratulated on achieving December publication and surmounting their difficulty by including a 32-page election supplement listing Ministers, Members and giving the voting figures for each constituency. The general arrangement of the volume follows that of last year, but certain pre-war features have been restored and others enlarged. The 1951 Census figures are given from the Registrar-General's preliminary reports in the rearranged statistical section. With the years the volume grows and is now just on 1,200 pages.

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d.; Six months, £1 2s. 6d.; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 15s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa, West, £3 15s. South and East, £4.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Hong Kong, £4 15s. Australia, £5 15s.
New Zealand, £6.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to:
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
30, East 60th Street, N.Y.22, N.Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express, $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland*, 1½*d.*; *Foreign*, 1½*d.*; *Canada*, 1*d.*

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,143

Set by Arachne McLeod

The usual prizes are offered for an extract (limit, 150 words) from a Marriage Guidance Counsellor's advice to any one of the following couples: Tolstoys, Carlyles, Shandys, Bovarys, Gargerys, Miltons (any of the three Mrs. M's.), Shakespeares, Macbeths, Leontes and Hermione, Menelaus and Helen. Entries by January 29.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,140

Set by R. K. Buchanan

Dorothy Parker, introducing Thurber's *The Seal in the Bedroom*, recalls a snatch of conversation overheard in a London bus. "Mad, I don't say. Queer, I grant you. Many's the time I've seen her nude at the piano." Readers are invited to contribute, in not more than 150 words, a plausible setting for this strange fragment of biography.

Report by R. K. Buchanan

Competitors displayed every ingenuity to *explain* how a lady came to be nude at the piano: Turkish Baths, religious frenzies, even a music-master whose *Staccato* was misheard as *Stark-oh*, were invoked to provide more or less implausible explanations. But only a handful tackled the far more difficult job of providing not only the scene, but the overheard comment, with an entirely convincing setting. Prizes go to four who in their several ways faced the necessity of making this distinction between *mad* and *queer*—and to C. B. J. Feltham who ingeniously, and I think legitimately, by-passed the need for such a distinction at all. Twenty-five shillings to each.

"Mad, I don't say. Queer, I grant you. Many's the time I've seen her nude at the piano.

'That's me all over, dear,' she would say. 'Every stitch I had on is in the electric washer, and the *Appassionata*, played at my tempo, takes half an hour exactly.' Artistic I should call her, not really mad. Why, George's Aunt Bessie used to boil eggs to *Abide With Me*, one verse for soft, two for medium, only *she* was fully clothed and in her right mind. But there she would sit, strumming away, as cool as a cucumber. By the time she'd finished the twiddly bits, the wash was twice rinsed, spun half dry and ready to hang out on the line, just in time for a cup of cocoa and a cosy chat. How did she manage the hanging out? Stark naked she was, not stark mad. She popped on her mac, of course."

ISABEL FINLAYSON

"Mad I don't say. Queer, I grant you. Many's the time I've seen her 'Nude at the Piano'—though

WHY WASTE TIME WRITING ON YOUR OWN?

Are you one of those, with talent and ambition, who think they can succeed without guidance? Would you try to learn the piano without instruction? Or painting? Or indeed any of the crafts? Then why not seek the personal guidance of the experts on the staff of the London School of Journalism? The L.S.J. was founded over 30 years ago under the aegis of the press and has brought correspondence coaching up to a personal level not obtainable elsewhere. There are separate courses in Journalism, Story Writing, Poetry and Radio Plays. Special Lessons in English Literature written by L. A. G. Strong, in English History by J. Hampden Jackson. Fees are low. Preliminary advice is free. Send for "Writing for the Press" and make your writing pay.

Prospectus Office:
LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM
57 GORDON SQUARE LONDON, W.C.1
MUSeum 4574.

"There are L.S.J. students all over the world."

Study at Home for a DEGREE!

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without "going into residence" or attending lectures. It is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases, two). You can do all your reading for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded in 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall courses have enabled hundreds of men and women to acquire Degrees and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** from **C. D. Parker**, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH 85,
WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Not the cheapest . . . but the best

invest safely in
BRICKS and MORTAR
and get **2½%** Income Tax Paid by Society
No expenses on investment or withdrawal.
Deposits received at 2%, the Society paying Income Tax
Write for full particulars
GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY
(ESTD. 1880)
22 NEW ROAD, GRAYS, ESSEX
Branch Offices: 31 LINTON ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX & 4 WHEELER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (Mr. C. O. DAY)
Assets: £2,000,000 *Reserves:* £66,000

where the nude ends and the piano begins I never can tell.' When she told me what it was, it made me stomach turn over. All my Joe said, though, was, 'In this weather and all. I hope she's playing hot jazz.' Nearly killed him with her look, she did. But I don't hold with women painting women in the altogether even if it is only a back view. You can understand men doing it—knowing what *they're* like—but it don't seem natural for women. We ought to keep something to ourselves, after all. If she'd only painted her in evening dress like a real pianist I could put up with the eye being in the middle of the shoulders. Oh, she's a queer 'un, she really is."

W. E. HALL

*

John bought at a sale one of those little square pianofortes which the auctioneers insist on describing as spinets, a pleasant little instrument in a mahogany case by Longmann and Brodripp. It cost fifteen pounds which was more than they could afford.

He restrung it and mutely hoped that she would play again those nocturnes of Field and the sonatas of Clementi of which he was so fond . . . .

Alas! Now her dream life had shifted.

Mrs. Fletcher saw the piano and said her aunt had such a one, made into a dressing table.

Elspeth sat at it for hours, dressing and undressing. In turn she was Mrs. Fletcher's rich aunt, Madame Bovary and Manon Lescaut . . .

LAKON

*

She hated a gallery wall hung with pictures framed behind glass; art should be "uncluttered" she said; uncaged, unimpeded, stark—and music even more so. She had a perfect *thing* about soloists who dressed up to their performances—for to her the executant's human frame was merely an extended sounding-board for the music, part of the instrument itself in fact—and she insisted that all clarity and meaning was lost among silken flounces and unresonant broad-cloth. Mad, I don't say, Queer I grant you. Many's the time I've seen her nude at the piano, and certainly, in a dim light, with her hair loose, playing the Moonlight Sonata, or '*l'après-midi d'un faune*' she did get a very special effect. And I swear I've heard a Bach sequence ripple off her vertebrae like the notes of a silver xylophone! . . .

P. M.

*

It would be only on a London bus that this intriguing conversation could take place as it represents an interesting, if localized, specimen of rhyming slang.

NUDE (newd) is a verse synonym of STEWED, i.e., a state of semi-permanent but harmless intoxication. Likewise, PIANO (pianner) would be used for BARROW (barrer). It would probably be overheard on a bus going to or from the Angel, as COCK-SPARROW is more likely to be used in the Elephant and Castle area where a keener sense of rhyme is preferred.

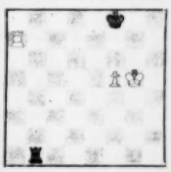
In brief, then, the conversation refers to an eccentric, probably slightly gaga and elderly, woman who has often been seen in an intoxicated state officiating at a costermonger's stall in a market street.

C. B. J. FELTHAM

CHESS : Beware of Icebergs

No. 120

The danger of icebergs is known to be due to the fact that only a harmless looking fraction of their monstrous size appears on the calm surface of the sea; but when we come to grips with them it is the submerged giant who kicks our boat and rocks it to perdition. Just the same applies to most of those deceptively simple-looking endgames, with but a piece or two on either side. Here is one of the sort that could happen to any of us any time. If I were to analyse it as thoroughly as it deserves (and as *Schachexpress* did it), I would have to run the story as a serial in three instalments. Briefly then, if it were



Black's move he would simply play R-Kt3 and stay on his 3rd until White pushes the P: then he would run back to his 8th and perpetually check the White K "from behind." But if it is White's move, can he win by K-Kt6?

He certainly can if Black is rash enough to check him by (1) . . . R-Kt3. What follows is (2) P-B6, R-Kt1, (3) R-R7, K-Kt1, (4) P-B7 ch, etc. Just as certain, though less simple is the win if Black checks at KKt8, with the sequel (2) K-B6, K-K1, (3) R-R8 ch, K-Q2, (4) K-B7, R-KB8, (5) P-B6, R-B7, (6) R-R4! R-B8, (7) R-Q4 ch, K-B2, (8) K-K7, R-K8 ch, (9) K-B8, R-KB8, (10) P-B7, R-B7, (11) K-Kt7, R-Kt7 ch, (12) K-B6, R-B7 ch, (13) K-Kt6, R-Kt7 ch, (14) K-B5, R-B7 ch, (15) R-B4, etc. (Hence the 4th row on the 6 move!) To revert to the original position, after (1) K-Kt6 Black's only chance to draw is (1) . . . R-KB8; even so there are still many pitfalls, unless after (2) K-B6 Black finds his only resource K-Kt1! (After 2) . . . K-K1 White wins by (3) R-R8 ch, followed by R-KB8. There is a great deal more in this, but I haven't the space. Here, then, as some well-deserved light relaxation, is a position drawn by H. Grob in a Swiss tournament. White had just played his B from KB7 to Q5, whereupon Grob put his Kt *en prise* by Kt-K4. Evidently if White takes the Kt the Black K gets into his safe corner. So White played B-K6, only to have the draw forced on him by Kt-B2!! Obviously the piece cannot be taken on account of stalemate, nor can the Black K now be kept from his cushy corner.

In this week's competition **A**—White to win—is not too difficult; 5 ladder-points would seem to be fair rating, same as in **B**, a 2-mover which should please our far-too-frequently neglected problem-addicts. As for **C**—White to win—this seems a fitting climax for an article dealing with the hidden depth of simple-looking endgames. This is, indeed, quite subtle and should be well worth 8 points.

A : W. Gomov 1934

B : M. Barulin 1935

C : A. Kraemer 1950

Usual prizes. Entries by January 28.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 29

A : (1) R-B1 ch, K-Kt1, (2) Q-Kt4 ch, K-R1, (3) B-B3 ch, R x B, (4) Q-K4 ch!

B : (1) P-B7, R x BP, (2) B-K7, R-R2, (3) P-Kt7, R-R1, (4) Kt-B5 ch, K-Kt1, (5) Kt-Q6, R-QKt1, (6) B-Q5, R x B, (7) Kt-B8.

C : (1) P-B6, P x P, (2) P-R5, Kt x P, (3) P-R6, Kt-B1, (4) P-R7, Kt-Q3 ch, (5) K-Kt4!, Kt-B2, (6) Kt-K6!, K-Kt2 (forced), (7) Kt-Q8 ch, etc.

In **B**, what with the misleading smudge on h5 (which really meant neither piece nor pawn) it seems to be only fair not to count these 7 points in the ladder; but a good many competitors were stumped by **C** too. Prizes shared by E. Allan, M. Kaye, J. M. Reid, C. Sandberg.

ASSIAC

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Hotel, Earl's Court. 29 West Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5. Bed & Breakfast from 10s. 6d.; other meals optional; every comfort. FRObisher 1000.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

PROF. woman, 40s., priv. flat, offers another, furn. bed-sit. ovlkg priv. garden, 3 min. Park, Marble Arch. Sep. kit., tel. ext., share bath. Rent inc. blast., cleaning, light, heat, h.w., linen, frig. Box 8041.

LARGE bed-sit. room with breakfast available for gentleman in lady's comf. flat Central. Resident housekeeper. MAI. 5985.

BED-sitter, electric cooker, to single graduate, WIM. 1426 after 6.30 p.m.

BEDSIT., h. & c., gas, part. board offd. for 2½s. p.w. plus a little sitting-in & light help. Highgate Village. Box 8090.

LARGE furnished room. H. & C. Table cooker. Pleasant surroundings. Space for car outside. PUT. 5359.

LONDON for night or longer stay at 75 Hillfield Park, Muswell Hill. N.10. TUD. 3259. Room with bkfast. Mod. terms.

TO let. Spacious sunny Hampstead flat, unfurn. Two large reception rooms, three bedrooms, kitchen and bathroom. Constant h.w. £350 incl. No premium. Box 8251.

TO let, furn. room, 1st flr. Business lady/student. S. Kensington. FRE. 2881.

WELL-furn. bed-sitting-room with all conv. in modern flat. Suit professional or business gentleman. 5 Stirling Mansions, 12 Canfield Gdns., N.W.6. Phone MAI. 0157.

ADVERTISER with Essex farmhouse, mod. con., 40 miles London, which he only uses week-ends, seeks one or two people interested country gardening, to live there permanently. 2½gns. p.w. Box 8165.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

VACANT Hampstd. furn. rm. suit man wishing live independently. Gas ring, elec. fire, tel., gdn. 37s. p.w. Box 8251.

AMENITIES of quiet home, privacy of s. & bed-sitt., overlkg. garden, share kit., frig., garden. MAI. 2508 wk.-end after 6 p.m.

BAKER St. (2 mins.). Small bed-sitting-room, H. & C., sharing kitch., bath & 'phone. Suit young prof. woman. WEL. 8811.

MODERNISED cottage, sea close. Private suite sleep, three, own sitt. Furnished beach hut with cooking facilities. Breakfast, evening meal on request. Moderate inclusive terms. Palmer, 2 Harbour View, St. Helens, I.O.W. Bembridge 337.

UNIV. Lecturer, wife expectg. child urgently need unf. London flat or wd. buy small house daily reach London. Box 8048.

YOUNG engineer (working Westminster) reqs. bachelor accom. No "homely digs." No restrictions. No room-sharing. Box 8195.

ITALIAN student, 18, seeks home with cultured family. Box 8143.

UNIV. lec., yng., married, urgently sks. unf. accom. Lond. area/nr. Box 7829.

WANTED by bachelor, 28, furnished bed-sitting room, central, near Tube, clean, sunny, telephone, friendly but quiet neighbours. State terms. Box 8040.

UNFURN. S.C. flat wanted in London from July. 3/4 rooms. Tel. Box 8126.

FAMILY (4) require holiday cottage/seaside or country, for 3 weeks during July-Sept. (August preferred). Box 8090.

MISCELLANEOUS

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

TAPE and Wire Recorders for sale or hire. Complete range from 50gns. Panrek (N), 28 New Bond St., W.1. MAY. 3903.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Square, rendezvous for Players and Playgoers. Regular seasons of Intimate Plays and Revues. Lounge Bar and Food Counter. Annual subscription: full members 21s., theatre members 5s.; members of Equity 10s. 6d. Apply 17, Irving St., W.C.2. WHItehall 3678.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

ORIGINAL paintings and drawings by Sickert, Gill, Nevinson, Mellais, Frith and other old and modern masters at prices as low as those of reproductions. Price list from Abbott (private address), 73 Castelnau, Barnes.

QUAKERISM. Information respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the Friends Home Service Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., London, N.W.1.

WATERPROOF and dust-proof Car Covers in spun rayon, rubber backed, eyeletted. Also sizes for motor cycles, cycles, garden implements, etc. Illustrated list and pattern from: (Dept. B.18), Robert Garston, Ltd., 215 Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.1. Tel.: Victoria 2751.

"ASTLEYS of Jermyn Street," (109) S.W.1. Pipe specialists. Pipe repairs (any make). Meerschaum pipes old or new purchased.

PARACHUTES. (1) Pure Heavy English Silk, White or Primrose; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top: 2 panels 15s., 4 panels 27s. 6d., 8 panels 52s. 6d. (2) Nylon, Peach, Rose or Light Blue, each panel 36in. × 150in.: 2 panels 20s., 4 panels 37s. 6d., 8 panels 72s. 6d. New Irish Linen Lengths, (1) Natural Shade (a) 6yds. × 24in., each 22s. 6d.; (b) 6yds. × 32in., each 25s. (2) Embroidery, White, 3yds. × 27in., each 17s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

MISCELLANEOUS—continued

HOGARTH Gallery specialize in built-in furniture, bookshelves, to individual requirements. Open all day Saturdays. 16A Hogarth Pl., S.W.5. FRO. 3328.

SHIRTS, pyjamas and nightshirts to measure. Your or my material. Also repairs neatly executed. A. Malinow, 48 Great George St., Leeds, 1.

LEARN shorthand by February 18 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

SCHOOLS

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Sound education up to University entrance, broad interests. Apply Head Mistress.

MICHAEL House School, Ilkeston, Derbys. A Rudolf Steiner School founded in 1944. Education for boys and girls from 4 to 14 years. Boarders accepted.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs., is a co-educational boarding school where, in a happy atmosphere and ideal surroundings, children from 4 to 13 are given a sound educational foundation.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

PINEHURST, Goudhurst, on the Weald of Kent. A Boarding School for Girls, 5-11, and small boys. T.T. milk, home produce. Mrs. M. D. Price, Principal.

WENNINGTON School, Wetherby. (Recog. Ministry.) 100 boys and girls, 8-18. A well-organised pioneer school with a wholesome, vigorous community life. Kenneth C. Barnes, B.Sc.

Company Meetings

BARCLAYS BANK

FAILURE OF PLANNING.

The Annual General Meeting of Barclays Bank Limited will be held on February 8 in London.

The following are extracts from the Statement of the Chairman, Mr. A. W. Tuke, circulated with the report and accounts for the year 1951:—

Our current, deposit and other accounts at £1,284,691,537 show a small decrease on last year's figures. Advances show another substantial increase. The profit for the year is about £60,000 less; it has enabled us to recommend the usual dividends, and with the help of a draft on the carry-forward to set aside £1,000,000 compared with £750,000 last year. On this occasion the whole amount is being carried to Contingency Account.

In the consolidated balance-sheet the aggregate of the current, deposit and other accounts of the group at £1,818,231,403 is higher than ever before and reflects in particular a large increase in the figures of Barclays Bank (Dominion, Colonial and Overseas).

Since our meeting last year the outstanding event in the affairs of the Bank has been the withdrawal from the Chairmanship of Sir William Goodenough in February last owing to ill health, which was followed three months later by his untimely death. Measured by length of days, his life has indeed been a short one. Measured by its achievement he may truly be said to have rendered a full lifetime of service to the Bank and to the community.

During the post-war period the country has been subjected to an experiment in planning. The initial period of this experiment is clearly at an end, but no one knows when it may be renewed, and meanwhile we have an opportunity of standing back from the picture and seeing how it looks. Not all of us expected a masterpiece, but even the most optimistic partisans must be a little disillusioned by what they see at the present moment.

Certain forms of state intervention in our economic life are inevitable but I have no belief in the efficacy of any central control of all the manifold wants of fifty million people by means of a mass of permits, coupons and licences. I am convinced that in these matters it is better for authority to confine itself to avoiding the creation of conditions in which it pays a man to break the law.

MONETARY DISCIPLINE.

In retrospect one cannot imagine a more opportune period than the years since 1945 for the application of monetary discipline and I have great hope that its adoption at the eleventh hour may yet put our economy on a sound basis. An expansionist policy, if under proper control, may well be the answer to the problem of mass unemployment in this country: that, however, does not justify its adoption in circumstances to which it was inappropriate.

Perhaps the most important of all the nation's internal activities since the war has been the effort to provide homes for the people. I feel certain that the insistence of the late Government on retaining this activity so largely in public hands has caused quite needless inflation of the price of new houses.

I am very glad to see that the new Government has decided to encourage home ownership and that the Local Authorities may now, subject to conditions, sell individual houses to those of their tenants who are able and willing to buy them. Every pound that is repaid to the Government by this means will enable it to wipe out a pound of inflationary debt, just as every pound that has been borrowed by the Government in recent years to finance Local Authorities for this and other purposes has increased the inflationary pressure.

Instances of the failure of nationalisation and other planning activities to achieve what their protagonists expected of them could be multiplied. Even in the coal mines, where it was generally conceded that some major change was necessary, the results are most disappointing.

Is there some constant factor in all these plans which causes such unrelieved failure? They are, I am sure, prepared with the greatest care by men of outstanding ability and of the highest intellectual integrity but unhappily the cleverest men often seem to be somewhat lacking in common-sense and worldly wisdom. They do not and cannot make allowance for the reactions to be expected from human beings and from the forces of nature, which will beat them every time.

DISTRICT BANK LIMITED

The Chairman, Sir Thomas D. Barlow, G.B.E., has circulated, with the report and accounts, his statement to the shareholders of District Bank Ltd., prior to the 122nd annual general meeting to be held on 8th February at the Head Office, Spring Gardens, Manchester. In the course of his statement the Chairman said:—

Compared with a year ago the Balance Sheet shows variations which, to some extent, have been brought about by the monetary measures taken by the Government in the Autumn. The Liabilities side calls for little comment. Our deposits show only a small variation and stand at £238,000,000.

On the Assets side Cash and Money at call and short notice have increased by £3,000,000, but, largely as a result of the Government's funding of a substantial part of the Floating Debt last November, our holdings of Treasury Bills, now shown separately, are reduced and figure at £31,000,000. Notwithstanding this change, our liquid position remains satisfactory.

The Serial Funding Stocks we acquired in exchange for Treasury Bills have increased our investments in British Government Securities, which, you will be interested to know, continue to be mainly short-dated.

Following the change in monetary policy there has been a decline in the value of gilt-edged securities. We have not escaped some measure of depreciation, but our inner reserves are well able to take care of the position and, as hitherto, the Investments appear in the Balance Sheet at less than their market value.

The fact that the Government now depends less upon Treasury Deposit Receipts for its finance provides an explanation why, after a persistent decline since 1948, this asset has been reduced to £5,000,000 and compares with £17,000,000 at the end of 1950.

Last year our Advances increased by over £8,000,000. These additional facilities were required chiefly by customers engaged in exports or other work of urgent national importance. The rise in prices of raw materials, heavy taxation and the increased wages paid in industry largely explain the growing demand for accommodation.

Our Bank Property item shows a small increase since, during the past year, we have bought premises in one or two towns where our business is outgrowing the present accommodation.

The Net Profit for the year, after the usual provisions have been made, amounts to £508,217 and compares with £513,168 for 1950. With the amount brought in from that year there is for disposal £799,001. As mentioned in the Report, we have allocated £225,000 to Reserve for Contingencies. After this deduction, and allowing for dividend payments at the same rate as formerly, there remains a sum of £301,345 to be carried forward.

The Foreign Department has established a new record both in the number and value of its transactions. This growth, which has been fostered by the overseas visits of the Department's representatives, is reflected in the increasing number of foreign banks for whom we act as correspondents.

A partial restoration of the London Foreign Exchange Market after an interval of twelve years will, it is hoped, increase confidence in sterling and make easier the re-opening of our important commodity markets.

Our Trustee Department has, during the past forty-five years, been accepting trusteeships at an ever-increasing rate and has therefore adequately proved the great usefulness of this service.

The day may be fast approaching when Parliament will further facilitate this useful work by giving Corporate Trustees statutory powers to charge fees. The safeguards imposed by law in relation to custodian trusteeships might here serve as a useful precedent.

Restrictions on planning and licensing are still holding up our programme of development and expansion. Despite the intensification of these difficulties, we have obtained permission for the necessary structural alterations to premises in Swansea and Cambridge, where we hope to open branches during the present year.

BARCLAYS BANK LIMITED

Anthony William Tuke, *Chairman.*

Frederick Cecil Ellerton, *Deputy Chairman.*

Cuthbert Fitzherbert, Anthony Charles Barnes, D.S.O., O.B.E., *Vice-Chairmen.*

***General Managers*: G. F. Lewis, R. G. Thornton, J. D. Cowen, E. Brimelow.**

Statement of Accounts, 31st December, 1951

LIABILITIES

	£
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	1,284,691,537
Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc., for account of customers	64,207,500
Paid-up Capital	15,858,217
Reserve Fund	13,750,000

ASSETS

Cash in hand and with the Bank of England	107,663,234
Balances with other British Banks and Cheques in course of collection	52,125,546
Money at Call and Short Notice	89,481,000
Bills Discounted	237,686,175
Treasury Deposit Receipts	22,000,000
Investments	415,244,694
Advances to customers and other Accounts	367,157,760
Investments in Subsidiaries:—	
The British Linen Bank	3,728,558
Other Subsidiaries	9,058,778
Other Trade Investments	1,588,670
Bank Premises and adjoining Properties	8,565,339
Customers' Liability for Acceptances, Guarantees, Indemnities, etc.	64,207,500

HEAD OFFICE: 54 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

Hand Built **RADIOGRAMOPHONE** Equipment
INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED FOR THOSE WHO SEEK PERFECTION AT A REASONABLE COST
EXISTING INSTRUMENTS REBUILT TO MODERN HIGH FIDELITY STANDARDS
UNIVERSAL ELECTRONIC PRODUCTS
24, Marylebone High Street, London, W.1
WELbeck 4058

SCOTT HOLLAND LECTURES 1952
by Professor D. M. Mackinnon
on
"The Humility of God"
in the Theology of the Incarnation
in relation to contemporary Society
in
The Martin Hall, New College, Edinburgh
5 p.m. on
Wed. Jan. 23rd, Fri. Jan. 25th, Mon. Jan. 28th, Wed. Jan. 30th,
Fri. Feb. 1st, Mon. Feb. 4th, Wed. Feb. 6th, Fri. Feb. 8th, 1952
Entrance Free

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ADMIRALTY: Principal Scientific Officer. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a permanent appointment in the Royal Naval Scientific Service at the Admiralty Research Laboratory, Teddington. Candidates must have been born on or before December 31, 1920. They must possess either a First- or Second-class Honours degree in Mathematics or Physics or show evidence of exceptionally high professional attainment. Candidates must have experience in theoretical aerodynamics, with specialist knowledge of boundary layer theory and good working knowledge of potential flow theory and theory of stability and control. Practical research experience in aerodynamics, e.g., wind tunnels, is desirable but not essential. Inclusive London salary scale is £1,000—£1,375 (men); £880—£1,200 (women). Exceptionally a starting salary above the minimum may be granted according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation provision within the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Further particulars and application form from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.4115/52. Completed application forms must be returned by January 31, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Applications are invited for appointment to the vacant post of Senior Lecturer in Applied Mathematics. Emoluments for a married member of the staff normally resident outside Hong Kong or China, inclusive of allowance: £1,576 x £60—£1,736 p.a. Candidates should possess Honours degrees, preferably of a British University, and appropriate academic teaching experience. The post is to be filled, if possible, by September, 1952. First-class sea passages and furnished houses or flats at reasonable rentals are provided for expatriate staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applications is March 3, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. The Senate will shortly proceed to the appointment to the Chair of Government and Public Administration, which becomes vacant on the resignation of the present occupant, Professor P. H. Partridge, who has accepted the Chair of Social Philosophy recently created at the Australian National University. Salary will be at the rate of £2,000 (Australian) per annum plus cost of living adjustment. There is a normal retirement provision under the Professorial Superannuation Scheme, and in addition a pension of £400 (Australian) per annum upon retirement after the age of sixty years. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 3, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Queensland, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Senior Lecturer in Economics. Salary range £A1,191-£A1,391 p.a. (including cost of living allowance). Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is February 23, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Senior Lectureship or Lectureship in Architecture. Applications are invited for an appointment to the teaching staff of the Faculty of Architecture. The status and commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The salary range for a Senior Lecturer is £1,050-£1,300 per annum; for a Lecturer £650-£1,000 (Australian) per annum, to which is added a cost of living adjustment of £78 (males), £121 (females), with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be required to take up duties as soon as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 3, 1952.

NATIONAL Association for Mental Health, Duncroft Approved School.—Two members of staff are required for this school where psychiatric treatment is provided. (1) A resident S.E.A.N., or person with nursing experience, to be responsible for the health and general well-being of the girls, and also to assist with general duties. Salary scale, if S.E.A.N., £285 x £12 10s. to £385. If not S.E.A.N., salary to be determined, according to experience and suitability for the post. (2) House Instructress to be responsible for the organisation of housework and for the training of a small group of girls doing this work as part of their school domestic course. Salary, if qualified for the Burnham scale for qualified teacher, £318 x £15 to £504 plus three approved school increments. If not qualified, but suitable by experience, £270 x £12 to £306. "London Area" teachers' allowance payable in addition. Both posts are resident with a charge of £78 per annum for board and lodging. Applications should be made in the first instance to the Headmistress, Duncroft, Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex, and cannot be considered later than two weeks from date of publication.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Assistant Conductor at Glasgow. Duties: conducting B.B.C. Scottish Orchestra as required, building orchestral programmes, training and conducting B.B.C. Scottish Singers. Qualifications: Orchestral and choral conducting experience, and an extensive repertoire. Knowledge of traditional and contemporary Scottish music would be an advantage. Starting salary £795 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Glasgow, N.M." within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. requires Home Talks Producer to choose subjects and speakers for talks and discussions and make all arrangements from initial stages through preparation of scripts to work in studios. Essential qualifications: good education, imagination, tact, initiative, sympathetic interest in people of all kinds, appreciation of style of spoken and written word and ability to write (though original composition is not among the duties). Specialised training in a profession might be an advantage. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 p.a. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, W.1, marked "Talks N.Stm." within 7 days. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, Durban, South Africa. Meyrick Bennett Children's Centre. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Director-Psychiatric Social Worker. Applicants should be qualified Psychiatric Social Workers with experience in Child Guidance work. Salary scales: Men £550 x £25—£725 p.a. Women £425 x £25—£600 p.a. In addition, cost of living allowances are paid, amounting to £256 for a married man, and £109 for a single officer, per annum. The closing date for the receipt of applications is February 29, 1952. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Economic History. The salary will be within the range of £650-£1,000 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £159 males, £121 females) (Australian), with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 31, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Durham and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited from female honours graduates for the post of Departmental Assistant to the Professor of Psychological Medicine. Duties include supervision of clerical staff, maintenance of small library, bibliography and editing, classification of case-records and some social and administrative duties. Experience in such work in one of these fields essential; shorthand-typing an advantage. Interest in the Department's work and research essential, as is toleration of irregular hours of work. Commencing salary at appropriate point on scale £450 x £20—£650. Twelve copies of application, together with the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be submitted not later than February 1, 1952, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

CANTERBURY Agricultural College, University of New Zealand.—Applications are invited for the position of Director of the College. The Director is the academic and administrative head, a member of the Board of Governors, and the Chairman of the Professorial Board. He may be appointed a Professor of the University of New Zealand. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is March 3, 1952.

DARTFORD College of Physical Education, Dartford, Kent.—Applications are invited for the post of part-time Lecturer (woman) for the Social Studies Course comprising Social Economics, Principles and Machinery of Government, and Social Administration, which will become vacant in May, 1952. Applicants should be experienced Social Workers with university qualifications. Further particulars can be obtained from the Principal, to whom applications (no form) should be sent as soon as possible.

THE Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood, has vacancies for House Fathers to take charge of small family groups of children during out-of-school hours. No domestic duties. Experience in youth work desirable. Salary £250 to £370 per annum plus full residential emoluments. Pension scheme. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Application form obtainable from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Rd., S.W.16.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SOMERSET Education Committee.—Applications are invited for the post of Woman Assistant Organiser of Further Education. Salary on Soulbury Scale II—£750 x 20—£900 per annum. Candidates must possess good teaching experience in further education and recognised qualifications as a teacher of women's subjects. Further particulars and application forms, which must be completed and returned not later than February 4, 1952, can be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope. Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will disqualify. W. J. Deacon, Chief Education Officer, Trull Road, Taunton.

CIVIL Service Commission. Executive Class C (and Corresponding Departmental Classes) and the Information Officer Class of the Home Civil Service and Branch A of the Foreign Service. An Open Competition will be held in 1952 for about 30 vacancies. Candidates must have obtained (or obtain in 1952) a university degree. Age limits 20 to 24 on August 1, 1952, with extension, up to two years, for service in H.M. Forces. For particulars and application forms write (preferably by postcard) to the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 22/52. Completed application forms must be returned by February 28, 1952.

CIVIL Service Commission. Statistician C Class of the Home Civil Service. An Open Competition for about 10 vacancies will be held in 1952 concurrently with the Administrative Class Method I competition, and with a similar examination except for certain additional subjects. Age limits at least 20½ and under 24 on August 1, 1952, with extension for regular service in H.M. Forces, and, up to two years, for other Forces service. Salary in London, £400 rising to £750 (men) or £650 (women); somewhat lower outside London. Prospects of promotion to higher grades. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 21/52; completed application forms must be returned by February 28, 1952.

BERKSHIRE Child Guidance Clinic Joint Committee. Applications are invited for the appointment of third Psychiatric Social Worker. Salary £420 x £20—£500 p.a., initial salary according to experience. Travelling and subsistence allowances on National scales. Training and experience in Child Guidance methods essential. The service is well established and the appointment would provide scope for interesting work, particularly in connection with the hostels for maladjusted children and co-operation with the Clinic. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from E. R. Davies, Clerk of the Joint Committee, Shire Hall, Reading.

KENT County Council, Children's Department. Boys' Hostel, Chatham. Applications are invited for the joint appointment of Superintendent and Matron of the above-named Hostel which has accommodation for 22 working boys. Salary for Superintendent £292 a year rising by £15 to £337 a year and for Matron £262 a year rising by £15 to £307 a year. In addition residential emoluments valued at £193 a year each. Application forms on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope from the Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, should be returned by February 4 1952. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE County Council. The Woodlands Children's Homes, Highbury Road, Bulwell, Nottingham. House Father and House Mother (married couple of single persons), with an understanding and love of children, required at a Cottage for about ten boys and girls of all ages. House Father required chiefly to organize recreational activities for group of cottages. No accommodation available for officers' children. £7 3s. weekly (House Father), £5 14s. weekly (House Mother), less 29s. each for board residence. Particulars and application forms obtainable from the Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham. K. Tweedale Meaby, Clerk of the County Council.

BERKSHIRE County Council. (1) Housemother, experienced, wanted to take charge of cottage accommodating 12 boys and girls aged 3-14 years, Wallingford. Salary £5 14s., less £1 9s. per week for board and lodging. (2) Assistant Housemother wanted to help with care of 16 school-age boys and girls at Mortimer, near Reading. Salary £5 7s. per week less £1 9s. per week for board and lodging. Application forms from Children's Officer, 35 Bath Rd., Reading. E. R. Davies, Clerk of the Council.

EFFICIENT shorthand-typist required for local government public relations. Interest in press, publicity, typography or social service an advantage. Salary, commencing at age 25, £350 p.a. (males), £324 p.a. (females) rising to £455 p.a. (males), £370 p.a. (females). National Joint Council service conditions. Pension scheme. Apply, stating qualifications, etc., to Town Clerk, Lambeth Town Hall, Brixton Hill, S.W.2, by January 25, 1952.

RESPONSIBLE post (non-resident) open for Organising Secretary to small London Training Course connected with Music. Typing and simple Accounts essential. Knowledge of educational system regarding Students, Grants, etc., an asset. Salary is small but post has interesting possibilities. Box 868, c/o Geo. Murray (Advt.), Ltd., 184 Strand, London, W.C.2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Birmingham Marriage Guidance Council requires a Secretary. Desirable qualifications include a good academic background, preferably to degree standard, and an interest in sociological problems and experience of case work. Applicants should be married and over 30 years of age. House available. Applications, which should include the names of three referees, must reach the Chairman, Birmingham Marriage Guidance Council, 25, Steelhouse Lane, Birmingham 4, by January 31, 1952.

LONDONDERRY High School, Northern Ireland. Required in September Assistant Mistress to take Gymnastics and Games throughout the School. Applicants should have qualifications from a college recognised by the Ministry of Education. Salary according to Ministry's scale. A bonus towards travelling expenses may be granted to a suitable candidate from Great Britain. Apply to the Head Mistress.

THE Downs School, Colwall, nr. Malvern. A boys' Preparatory boarding school, inspected and approved by the Ministry of Education and administered by an Educational Trust. Applications are invited for the post of married, resident Headmaster, which will fall vacant in September, 1952. Full particulars of the appointment may be obtained from the Secretary to the Governors, The Downs School, Colwall, Malvern, Worcs.

WHY not be a Nurse? Do you know that you can train under delightful conditions in England's loveliest county, and be paid during training an allowance of £200—£225 a year, plus dependant's allowances? Modern Nurses' Home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 16 miles from London, with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write now to the Matron, Joyce Green General Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

THE Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of Appeals Organiser. Reply, marked "Confidential," stating experience and salary required, to be addressed to the Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

ASSISTANT matron of the Jewish faith is required for home for 30 residents suffering from mental and nervous disorders. Applications in writing with full details of qualifications and experience to the Secretary, Jewish Board of Guardians, 127 Middlesex St., London, E.1.

CHAIRMAN of large textile firm with headquarters in North of England requires Secretary for part-time work in West End of London. Speed, efficiency and initiative essential. Write with full references (copies only) to Box 8007.

WHY not be a Fever Nurse? Do you know that you can become a fully trained Fever Nurse (S.R.F.N.) in two years and be paid during training an allowance of £200—£210 a year plus dependant's allowance. Full Fever Staff Nurse's salary (£302 10s.—£415 a year) payable from date of passing final examination. Also, one year Post Registration course for State Registered Nurses, with training allowance of £285 a year. Modern nurses' home with separate bedrooms and splendid recreational facilities are provided. Dartford is 15 miles from London with excellent train and bus services to the Metropolis, the coast and all parts of the Kent countryside. Write now to The Matron, The Joyce Green Hospital, Dartford, Kent.

APPLICATIONS invited for interesting and varied secretarial work at Beaufort Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Typing, duplicating and general office work. Shorthand desirable but not essential. Resident post. Apply Secretary.

THE Y.M.C.A. is a world-wide Movement. It may offer you the opportunity you seek for a life of service. Applications invited from men between 21 and 30 to train as Secretaries. First essentials: A sense of Christian vocation; a good education; leadership ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth; good health. Write, giving full particulars of experience and qualifications, to S.1, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

SECRETARY Shorthand-Typist (permanent) wanted for Trade Union office. Minimum 120 S.H., 50 Typing. Scale £6 17s. 6d. x 5s. to £7 17s. 6d. for 5-day week. 'Phone VIC 0981 for appointment.

EDUCATED woman wanted for cooking, no rough work. Small international guest house, London. Box 8249.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man, experienced writer, seeks post. All letters answered. Box 8049

REPORTING or Editorial work sought by sub-editor (26), 2 yrs. journal prodn. exp., feature writing, shthnd. Box 8166.

SCIENCE graduate seeks post in industry with good prospects on demob. in Aug. London area. Box 8124.

GERMAN man, 24, good English, seeks position as secretary or clerk. Typing, book-keeping exp. London area. Box 8122

SINGLE woman of 25 with no ties, artistic, lively personality, really tired of secretarial work seeks new sphere of employment. Box 7986.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

MAN (32), Ph.D., scholar, major prize-winner, several pubs., exp. business, lecturing, wants work. Box 8119.

WOMAN (32), B.A. degree English, good shorthand/typing speeds, secretarial experience, requires post London. Box 8145.

TEMPORARY part-time secretary, Tel. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

FELLOWSHIPS AND SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute proposes to appoint a Research Fellow at a salary within the range £300 to £900 according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation under the F.S.S.U. or otherwise can be arranged. Further details may be obtained from the Registrar, 46 North Bailey, Durham. Ten copies of applications, indicating research interests within the field of Education, and giving names of three referees, should be received by the Registrar, 46 North Bailey, Durham, before January 31, 1952.

BRITISH Institute of Archæology at Ankara invites applications for Fellowship and Scholarship for Session 1952 (March 15 to December 15). Value Fellowship £450, Scholarship £382, to include travelling expenses. Applicants must be of British Commonwealth nationality and graduates of a United Kingdom or British Commonwealth University. Twelve copies of applications, with twelve copies of testimonials from universities of applicants, to be sent by February 20, 1952, to the Secretary, British Institute of Archæology at Ankara, 56 Queen Anne St., London, W.1.

HUDSON'S Bay Scholarships. Applications are invited for two Scholarships to be awarded by the Trustees of the Hudson's Bay Company Scholarship Fund for study in Canada in 1952. The Scholarships are awarded to encourage the study of business administration, to contribute to the higher education of business executives and to strengthen the links between the business communities in Canada and the United Kingdom. The value of the Scholarships will be $1,800 (Can.) per annum plus return transportation expenses between the United Kingdom and Canada and the normal tenure will be one year, but in exceptional cases this may be extended to two years. The Scholarships are open to University Graduates, and candidates must be British-born subjects ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom who at the date of applying are over 23 years of age and have not passed their 30th birthday. Candidates will be selected by a Committee sitting in London, and no scholar will be elected without a personal interview. In exceptional cases the Selection Committee may recommend awards to candidates who are not University Graduates if in the opinion of the Committee, have other qualifications fitting them for the kind of study for which the Scholarships are designed. Full particulars and form of application, which should be submitted not later than February 19, 1952, may be obtained on application to the Secretary, Hudson's Bay Scholarships, Beaver House, Great Trinity Lane, London, E.C.4.

HEADINGTON School, Oxford. Two Open Entrance Scholarships and a Music Scholarship are offered on the results of an examination to be held February 19 to 22. Girls must be over 11 and under 14 on September 1, 1952. The maximum value of the awards is £150. Closing date for entries February 7. Particulars and application forms from the Head Mistress.

STUDENTSHIPS

UNIVERSITY of London. Postgraduate Studentships. Applications are invited from Graduates of the University of London for: (a) Postgraduate Studentships in any Faculty, each of the value of £275 and tenable for one year. (b) William Lincoln Shelley Studentship, for advanced study or research in any subject, of the value of £245 a year for one or two years. (c) Mary Ann Britt Studentship in English, of the value of £100* and tenable for one year. (d) William Gilles Research Fellowship (Faculty of Science), value £220* for one year. (e) Post-graduate Travelling Studentships tenable for one year. Value of Studentship will be fixed in each case. For Studentships under (a), (b), (c) and (d) Graduates must be of not more than three years standing; for Studentships under (e) Graduates must be under the age of 28. Applications for all above Studentships must be received not later than 1 March, 1952. Forms and further particulars from Academic Registrar, Senate House, London, W.C.1. *In certain circumstances the Ministry of Education may supplement up to a maximum of £241.

WHERE TO STAY

STEANBRIDGE welcomes people of all nationalities. Quiet guest house in sheltered Cotswold valley offers special opportunities for rest and recuperation during winter months. Home-grown produce; log fires; bkft. in bed (optnl.). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

S DEVON. Overlooking Start Bay. An 18th century country house in beautiful surroundgs. Every comf., excel. food. Bathing, sailing, fishing. Now booking for Easter & Summer. White Ladies, Stoke Fleming. Tel. Stoke Fleming 246. (Under new ownership.)

RYE (near). Country cottage welcomes P.G.s for holidays. Quiet and restful. Farm produce. Fully booked April. Grahame James, The Mill, Iden, Sx. Iden 205.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

BOURNEMOUTH. Melford Hall Hotel, St. Peter's Road. Tel. 1516-7. A well appointed 3-Star A.A. Hotel, set in its own delightful grounds. Central for the sea and all attractions. Spacious sun lounges, central heating. 50 comfortable airy bedrooms, interior spring mattresses, gas or electric fires. Lift. Our reputation is well established for the excellent varied cuisine. Garage free. Inclusive terms Oct.–May 7gns. Illustrated brochure on request to resident proprietors.

FRENCH Riviera: Hotel Sévigné, Roquebrune, Cap Martin. Flowered terrace overlooking sea. Ideal climate. Excel. cuisine. Mod. charges. 1,000 yards from Monte-Carlo Casino. Open all year. R. Prévot.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead, on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Kathleen Batten provides good food and a friendly atmosphere. You can golf, walk, or be lazy. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

SWITZERLAND. Hotel Pension Landte, Oberhofen a/Thunersee. Sm. Hotel directly by Lake. V. mod. prices. Families welc.

HOLIDAYS Woolacombe, Glorious Devon. Board residence, very comfortable house adjoining 3 miles golden sands. Write Mrs. M. Garness, "Sea-View."

CORNWALL. Carndoldman Guest House, St. Gerrans, Portscatho. Overlooks sea. Lovely bathing beaches, river fishing and sailing. Terms from 4gns. H. & C. most bedrms. Write for brochure/phone Roseland 38.

NOW is the time to book for your Spring or Summer holiday! Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, set amidst glorious scenery, offers good food and comfort in friendly atmosphere." Vegans catered for. Member Vegetarian Catering Assocn. Anne Horner. Tel. 508.

THE Hope Anchor Hotel, Rye, superb position, new management, fresh ideas, extensive improvements. Winter terms to suit modest incomes. Rye 2216.

PORTH TOCYN Hotel, nr. Abersoch, on own headland, has finest Sea and Mountain views in Wales. Tennis, Sailing, Golf. All usual modern comforts plus intelligent cooking & willing service. Tel. Abersoch 66.

WHY not a Farm Holiday? The 1952 Farm Holiday Guide lists farms all over Britain, with comfortable rooms, nourishing food and good companionship. Fishing, shooting, riding, wonderful walks; the Guide contains scores of farms at most reasonable rates. Send address and 2s. 3d. P.O. and Guide comes post paid by return from David Murdoch, Publisher, Dept. NSN., 49, Broomlands Street, Paisley.

SWITZERLAND.—Convalescence, holidays, winter sports, ski-school. Guest house at 3,370ft. with every comfort, excellent cuisine, personal attention. Daily: 14-15.50 francs incl. Brochure. "Le Cerisier," Caux s/Montreux.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

EAST Sussex. For sale, Country Hotel/Guest House. Main London road, 2½ miles sea, lovely surroundings in 1½ acres. Fully furn., compact, easily run, good clientele, Estab. business. 12 Beds. (8 h. and c.), 2 Baths., Lge. Lounge, etc. Freehold. No Agents. Details: Box 8167.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials etc.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

DUPLICATING/typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Bayswater 1786.

TYPING: copying MSS and general. Wd. transcribe writer's work. Box 8016.

IF you require manuscripts, books, plays, etc., typed, why not ring EALing 9310, for further details.

ANY kind of typing undertaken efficiently and promptly. Bullock, 15, Midhurst Road, Birmingham, 30.

EXPERT Typing. Literary, educational, medical and technical MSS a speciality. Duplicating and dictation services. Beteton, 91 Priory Road, London, N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff—perm. and temp. Typing, Duplctg., Translations. WHI. 3501 (3 lines).

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels, Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating Service. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

HIGHGATE Village. Expert Shorthand-Typist. Plays, MSS. Commercial Work. Shorthand-Typing, Translations, Interpreting. French, German, Spanish. Editorial Experience. MOU. 2644 or TUD. 7731.

RANK Secretarial Service (London and Cambridge). MSS expertly typed. Careful checking. Novels, Theses 7 days. Translations all langs. Med. terms. 85 Westbourne Grove, W.2. BAY. 3810 (after 5 p.m.), and 109 Cambridge Rd., Gt. Shelford, Cambridge.

TYPING, etc.—continued

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service. 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories/duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Transins. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831. Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

PERSONAL

YOUNG Publishing Co. owning Booksellers and established Advertising Agency offers Advertising Directorship to suitable investor. Write in confidence to Box 8155.

PRIVATE School of Painting, Drawing and Composition. Applications invited for details and prospectus write: Leonard Gay, 1A Montagu Mews South, W.1.

GLASGOW area.—Post with good prospects wanted by yng. woman grad. (Eng., Lit. and Langs.); bookselling, writing and research exp.; good testims. £300 p.a. Box 8123.

COMPOSER of internatl. repute (Viennese) offers to help talented amateurs with their compositions, light, serious. Box 8118.

COTE d'Azur. To let in picturesque mountain village, s.c. charming furn. flat, 2 r., kit., bathr., mod. comf., overlkg. mountains and sea. Rent £150 p.a. Box 8206.

YNG. tortoiseshell cat wants happy home; male, lively, affectionate. Box 8207.

EASTER Holidays for boys and girls at International School, North Curry, Taunton, Bellagio, Como, Italy in August. General Education term time.

SPRING is early in Co. Cork. Mod. bungalow avail. short/long term. Box 8020.

AUSTRIA. Paying guests taken Kitzbühl, Tyrol. English spoken. 60 Austrian sh. per day. Partial board. Box 8115.

ORGANIC Chemistry for medical students. Expert private tuition by Dr. Courts. BOW 5357.

CULTURED, middle-aged Continental woman of high integrity, capable, good cook, offers part-time service return pleasant room London and salary. Box 7981.

LADY, graduate, coaches Mathematics, German. Box 8182.

ANYONE interested in discussions, science, play-reading, art, music, literature, conversation in foreign languages (meetings held in West End), rambles, etc., please write for particulars: Box 8193.

WHAT are you doing When? And Sunday? For planned leisure and pleasure read London's guyest guide to Music (full programmes), Theatres, Theatre Clubs, Cinemas, Opera, Ballet, Art, Country Pleasures. "Playbill" mthly. 1s. Order the February number from your newsagent now.

PIANO Lessons for beginners and advanced pupils given by Professor of the Vienna Academy. EUS. 3466, ext. 63.

ENGLISH to foreigners and Spanish taught by university graduate. Box 7971.

OXFORD Centre for Psychotherapy. Enquiries to the Secretary, The Ridings, Shotover, Oxford.

NERVOUS and Muscular relaxation through dynamic breathing. Constance Tracey, WEL.beck 5975.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

CANAL cruising holidays for lovers of fine scenery. Comfortable cruisers for 2-6 people. Houseboat and Motorboat., Canal Cruising (N), Stone, Staffs.

IMPROVE your English, French or German at the Sunday Language Circle, Sundays 4-7 p.m. S.K. Restaurant, South Kensington Station, Arcade, 1st floor.

ENGLISH for foreigners, private lessons or small groups, by painstaking, successful Continental teacher. Mrs. Smekal, 8 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. HAM. 3818.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

SEE Spain in 1952. Finest holiday value in the world. Very favourable exchange rate gives you far more for your money. Glorious individual and conducted holidays. Tours by Rail, Coach or Air. 15 day holidays from £32. Write NOW for new brochure to: See Spain, Ltd. (Dept. N.S.), 78 New Oxford St. Phone: MUS. 9351.

PERSONAL—continued

LEISURELY European Road Tours. We specialise in leisurely tours at inclusive rates. British full-sized coaches limited to 22 Armchairs only. British Tour Managers and Drivers. London back to London in the same armchair. Write for brochure "O," to Luxury Land Cruises, Ltd., Princes House, 39 Jermyn St., London, S.W.1.

A CAMPING Tour through Sicily in April —17 days for only £37 15s.—visiting Palermo, Catania, Mount Etna, Syracuse and Messina, and many other lovely and interesting places at the height of the Mediterranean spring. There is still time to book for this tour, and also for our many other holidays designed for the mid-season skier, in Norway, Switzerland and the Austrian Tyrol, at prices ranging from £25 for a 16-day tour. Alternatively we can offer a holiday by Lake Como, which includes a week's visit to Florence, at its most beautiful in the springtime. Call, write or 'phone for further details of our Winter and Easter programme, which includes these and many other delightful tours. National Union of Students, 3 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

EASTER in Paris. Conducted tour Good Friday to Monday, £13 10s., including air travel, free board. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

SMALL, homely Boarding House for Children and Young People, both sexes, liberal Jewish religion, has vacancies, long and short periods. The House is run on non-profit-making basis by former wardens of the Manchester Jewish Refugees Committee Children's Hostel. Charges therefore reasonable. Apply to Warden, Dunwood House, 401 Wilmslow Rd., Manchester, 20.

JOHN Morris, late Vice-Principal The James Ching Pianoforte School, London, offers a specialised approach to the details of pianoforte technique & interpretation. 26 Warnborough Rd., Oxford. Tel.: 2151.

LE vrai accent by private lessons with Frenchwoman teacher. KEN. 3000.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

CORSICA. The best Mediterranean Sunshine Holiday is again available—for the 3rd Season—starting May 30 (Whit weekend) until end of September. London-Corsica by Air and fortnight at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi for £39 10s. all-inclusive. For illustrated brochure apply to Horizon Holidays, Limited, 146 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4. City 7161.

WALKING tours, mountaineering holidays, sightseeing tours—holidays of all kinds for the unconventional. Ramblers' 1952 summer programme is better and more varied than ever. Write for your copy to Ramblers' Assn., 48a, Park Rd., N.W.1.

YUGOSLAV Holiday Friendship Society. Holidays, 1952 (April to Oct.). Accommodation in hostels and camps of Yugoslav Trade Unions, Youth Movements, etc. 16 days' inclusive (London), from £19 (north) to £24 (south). Accom. only, £3 to £3 10s. weekly; daily 10s. to 12s. 6d. Reductions for Youth. Off-peak travellers, Family exchange, etc. Write: The Sec., 16 Doneraile House, Ebury Bridge, London, S.W.1. No accommodation offered to commercial organisations.

WINTER Sports party to Obergurgl, February 1, invites few others in search of sun, snow, gaiety and amusing company. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SWITZERLAND is Cheaper—10-day holiday, 21gns., 14 days from 24gns. All inclusive, London back to London with excellent hotels and food and escorted travel. Perfect holidays at delightful lakeside & mountain resorts. Currency allowance ample. Write for free illustrated literature to Dept. (N.S.), B.T. Swiss Travel Agency, 59 Crawford St., London, W.1. (Tel.: AMB. 4434/5.)

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

HALL, Lesc. Sq. Meetings, Classes, Socials, 2gns. evg. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

P.S. "Come ski with me and be my skowe!" February in Austria, Easter in Austria and Switzerland.

P.P.S. Harold Ingham is still at 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow. Harrow 1040.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THE Ancient Wisdom, Occultism, Yoga, Mysticism, Comparative Religion, Theosophy: Man—Body, Psyche and Spirit. For books on these subjects write or visit: The Theosophical Bookshop, 68 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Catalogue free.

GERMAN Literature bought and sold by Continental Book Supply, 38A Whitechurch Lane, E.1. Postal business only.

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace" 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

PRE-war Novels wanted. No pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

HAMMERSMITH Bookshop. Books bought. Beadon Rd., W.6. RIV. 6842.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 36a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7 (ex. Mon.); St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Thieves Carnival." Mems. 5s.

UNITY, Eus. 5391. "Mother Goose" political panto. Weds. to Sun. 7.30. Mems.

BOLTONS Theatre. Entirely new management. Reopens Feb. 4, Robert Beatty in "Here's To Us." Production: Basil Ashmore. Food by Watergate Restaurant; Bill Staughton. Drinks by "Ronnie," late Irving. The stre. Join today and bring your friends for a complete evening's entertainment. Full memns. 1gn. Theatre mems. 5s. KEN. 7544.

IRVING (Whi. 8657). 7.30 (ex. Mon.); Sun. 5.30. Boscoe Holder and his Caribbean Dancers. Mems. 5s.

"SAPPHO," by Lawrence Durrell. Rehearsed reading with Margaret Rawlings, Robert Speaight. Jan. 20, 8 p.m., at French Institute, S.W.7. Tickets in advance only, from Institute of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. GRO. 6186.

CHILDREN'S Play-reading of "Cats," Soviet play (ages 8-14), produced by Derek Birch. Sun., Jan. 20, 3.30, at 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 2s. 6d. (Members, students 1s. 6d., children 1s.)

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Jan. 20: Cocteau's "L'Etoile Retour" (A). From Jan. 21: Sartre's "Les Jeux Sont Faits" (A).

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3311. Jan. 20, 7.30. "Sunday in August" (U) (Italian).

"DIE Fledermaus," Johann Strauss' enchanting Viennese Opera. A unique Concert Performance in English; Sunday, January 27, at 3.30 p.m., Monday, January 28, at 7.30 p.m. (in Costumes of the Period). Embassy Theatre, Swiss Cottage, N.W.3. Tickets from 12s. 6d. to 3s. 6d., Embassy Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8. WES. 9003/9173.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Feb. 2 at 6. "Messiah" in entirety with original accompaniments. London Choral Soc. John Tobin. Tkts., 10s. to 2s. 6d. Box Office (WAT. 3191) and Agents.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall: Jan. 24, 7.30 p.m.: Inaugural Concert. The Society for Twentieth Century Music. The London Symphony Orch. Chamber Ensemble; Norman Del Mar; Kyla Greenbaum; Martin Boddey; Margaret Field-Hyde. Works by Constant Lambert, Edgar Varese, Luigi Dallapiccola. Tkts. 6s. 6d., 4s. 9d., 3s. 6d., from all Management agencies & Chappell's, 50 New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7600.

BARTOK Violin Concerto. Speaker: William Mann, I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Jan. 18, 8 p.m.

MOZART'S "La Clemenza di Tito." Concert performance by Mozart Chamber Singers and Haydn Orchestra, Chelsea Town Hall, Jan. 29, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. to 7s. 6d., Chappell's and MAI. 6897.

WEST African Arts Club present "The Road is Long," Colour and Sound Film directed by Enrico Pratt depicting the history of Africans in South Africa. Introduced by Michael Scott, followed by discn. Hammer Theatre, 113 Wardour St., W.1. Wed., Jan. 23, 8 p.m. Free: Africans especially welc.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, C.L.B. Dance, Sat., January 19, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED. The full range of our reproductions can be seen and bought at principal shops in the main towns in this country. Write for the name of your nearest shop. Ganymed Press, 17 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

THE Hampstead Artists' Council. Exhibition of Modern Painting & Sculpture of the British & Continental Schools, from the collection of Dr. Henry M. Roland. Studio House, 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3. Open Jan. 20-Feb. 10 daily 12-6.30 p.m., Sundays included. Adm. 6d.

LEICESTER Galleries. New Year Exhibn. includes works by Braque, Chagall, Epstein, Hitchens, Lebourg, Moore, Nash, Nicholson, Picasso, Sickert (A. Glide Collin.) Smith, etc. Leic. Sq. 10-5.30. Until 24th.

IRVING Galleries, 17 Irving St., Leic. Sq. Select Paintings, old and modern, under 25gns. And Display of Art Books.

KYNANCE Gallery, 1 Kynance Place, Gloucester Rd., S.W.7. WES. 9977. Special Exhibn. of Original Contemporary Paintings at 5 & 7gns. Jan. 24 to Feb. 14.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George St., W.1. Paintings and Sculpture by William Turnbull. The Exhibition of Paintings by Francis Bacon is retained until Feb. 9.

PAINTER-Lithographers of 1952. A collection of limited edition Lithographs by Contemporary Artists, on view Jan. 16-Feb. 9 at Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Ct. Rd., W.1.

MARLBOROUGH. 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Recen: Paintings by Alan Clutton Brock. Daily 10-5 Sats. 10-12.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 Soutl Molton St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Frarcis Rose

SEA Pictures for Schools Exhibition. The Art Gallery, The Imperial Institute, South Kensington, S.W.7. January 12 to 31. Hours of opening, 10 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. week-days; 2.30 to 6 p.m. Sundays. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Paintings & Drawings by Zainul Abedin.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Paintings by Julian Trevelyan, Oprovida and Cawthra Mulock. Designs for "Donald of the Burthens" by Colquhoun & MacBryde. Hours 10-6; Sat. 10-1.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

"YOUNG Sculptors," I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Dly. 10-6. Suns. 2-6.

A.J.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., W.C.2. Lyonel Feininger. Dly. 11-6. Sats. inc.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY College, London. Free Public Lectures, Spring Term, 1952. Thurs., Jan. 31, at 5.30, Mr. A. J. Taylor, Victorian Coal Problems. Mon. and Thurs., Feb. 4, 7, 11, 14, 18, at 5.30 p.m., Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature by The Hon. Harold Nicolson, The French Parnassians and their Influence on the Aesthetic Movement. Thurs., Feb. 7, at 5.30, Dr. A. Cobban, The French Political Tradition. Thurs. and Mon., Feb. 14, 18, 21, 25, 28, Mar. 3, 6, 10, at 5.30, Professor Edward C. Kirkland, American Transportation: Business and Policy, 1790-1920. Tues., Feb. 19, at 5.30, Professor A. D. Momigliano, George Grote and the Study of Greek History. Tues., Feb. 26, at 5, Seton Memorial Lecture by Mr. W. A. Pantin, John of Wales and Mediaeval Humanism. Thurs., Feb. 28, at 5.30, Inaugural Lecture by Professor W. B. Emery, Saqqara and the Dynastic Race. Thurs., Mar. 6, at 5.30, Miss Margaret S. Drower, Sculpture as a Source for the History of the Ancient Near East. Complete list of public lectures from Assistant Secretary, University College London, Gower St., W.C.1. (Stamped envelope required.)

"THE Explorations of Space," by Arthur C. Clarke, B.Sc., F.R.A.S., Chairman of Interplanetary Society and author of "Interplanetary Flight," "The Sands of Mars," etc. Illustrated by lantern slides. Under auspices of All Nations Social Club. Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1. (Behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

"EUROPEAN Unity."—Address by Rt. Hon. Lord Layton, C.H., at Sunday Service, January 27, at 11 a.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8. (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

INDIA Day. Celebration meeting, Royal Albert Hall, Saturday, January 26, at 3 p.m. Chairman: Reginald Sorensen, M.P. Speakers: The High Commissioner for India, Rt. Hon. C. R. Attlee, M.P., Rt. Hon. Sir Walter Monckton, M.P., Rt. Hon. Lord Pethick-Lawrence, Mr. Compton Mackenzie. Indian songs and music. Tickets 10s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 5s. and 2s. 6d. from Albert Hall or India League, 47 Strand, W.C.2. TRA. 6465.

SCIENCE for Peace: National Conference, Sat.-Sun., Jan. 19-20, Holborn Hall. All scientists welcome. Participant's fee, 5s. Details from Dr. A. H. Gordon, 49 Flower Lane, N.W.7.

SHAW Society: D. N. Pritt on "The People's Democracies." 57 Dean St., W.1. Jan. 25, 7 p.m. 1s. 6d. at door.

"THE Soul After Death." Mrs. Adelaide Gardner on Sun., Jan. 20, 7 p.m. Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Jan. 22, Dr. Stark Murray, "The Science of Health." Admission free. Collection.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Jan. 20: Ghosts.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. Jan. 20, Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., B.Sc., "Recent Views of Human Motives." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. January 26 at 6 p.m. Film: Malchien in Uniform.

INTERESTED? Then come and join a discussion group of young people (ages up to 35) who are investigating life, every Friday, 7 p.m., at 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

POLISH Cultural Institute: Illus. talk by Millicent Rose, "The Art of Paper-Cuts in Poland," Jan. 25, 7.45. All welcome.

J. HUTTON Hynd: "The Ethics of Self-sacrifice." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Jan. 20, at 11 a.m.

FARM Street Church, W.1 (Entrance also in Mount St.). Wednesday, Jan. 23, 6.30, the third of four Conferences by Fr. Leycester King, S.J., "Religion and the Psychological Ills of Society."

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, jointly with the Socialist Medical Assoc., public meeting, Tuesday, January 22, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's Church House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Towards a Socialist Health Service," Horace Joules, M.D., F.R.C.P. (Medical Director, Central Middlesex Hospital). Adm. 1s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

MEETING of the London and All Nations Groups of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, British Section, 7.30 p.m., Fri., Feb. 1. Friends International Centre, 52 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Speke: Mr. Ritchie Calder. Collection.

"CONTEMPORARY Scene in U.S.A." Norman MacKenzie, Tues., Jan. 22, 6.45, Hope House, Great Peter St., S.W.1. Adm. 1s. at door. Union of Democratic Control, 32 Victoria St., S.W.1.

BRAINS Trust on Czechoslovakia at 20 Penn p.m. Question Master: Mr. Julius Jacoby. A. Frewing Mrs. K. Loosen. Miss A. Pamby. Org. by B.C.F.U. Adm. free, all welcome.

LONDON Labour Party's Eve of Session Reunion, Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, St. Marylebone, Monday, Jan. 28, 7.30 p.m. Adm. by ticket 4s., from The London Labour Party, 25a 262 Westminster Bridge Rd., S.E.1, and at doors.

"CHRISTIANITY in Eastern Europe To-day." Abbe Boulier, Revs. J. Pitcairn, O. Fielding-Clarke, S. G. Evans, E. Charles, Chair: J. Boggis-Tues, Jan. 22, 8 p.m. Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1 (3 min. Victoria Stn.) Adm. 1s. Soc. Socialist Clergy & Ministers.

"THE Attitude of Young People to Religion." Two short Addresses at Sunday Service, January 20: (1) Miss Sheila Victor Teacher, B.Sc. (a young engineer), with a Comment by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A. 11 a.m. at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

ILLUSTRATED talk. "In Defence of a Collection" by Dr. M. H. Roland at Studio House, 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns., N.W.3, Wednesday, January 23, at 8 p.m.

TARBUT La'Am (Jewish Cultural Centre), 37 Broadhurst Gardens, N.W.6. Sunday, January 20, 8 p.m. "Trends in Modern Israeli Literature"—Y. Harrabi. Commences Thurs., Jan. 24, 8 p.m. Series 10 wkly. lectures on History of the Jewish People in Biblical Period by Chaim Frumstein, M.A.

BUDDHIST Society, 10a Great Russell St., W.C.1. Public lecture Wednesday, Jan. 23, 6.30 p.m. "Right Understanding and Suggestibility." Mr. W. A. Purtwest.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall. Every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Meditation & Gita. Thurs., 7.30 p.m., Jan. 24: Psychology & Monism.

"NEED of Our Time." Disc., F. T. Willes, M.P., as Parliamentarian, F. V. Tyarks (Brit. Eur. Air.) as Business Exec. Hampstead Ethical Soc., 78a Finchley Rd. or Regal Cin., Golders Green. Sun. Jan. 20, 7.45.

PERSONALIST Group. J. B. Coates is to give a series of ten lectures at Conway Hall on "Personalism: Its Principles and Implications." First lecture on Wed., Jan. 23 at 7.30 p.m., on "What is Personalism?" Members free, non-members 1s. 6d.

COMMEMORATION Meeting—Gandhian Teachings—at 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch, on Fri., Jan. 25, at 8.15 p.m. All welcome; no charge.

THE Science of the Bible. Lecture, Fri., Jan. 25, 7 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1, by Alice Burnett. Title: "Abraham to the Promised Land." Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Intellectual and Emotional Fundamentals in Art." Discussion to be opened by Max Mundlak. Chairman: Maurice Arram. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s.

RACIAL Unity. Public Meeting, Monday, February 4. Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m. Miss Mervyn Attlee, H.E. V.K. Krishna Menon, James Griffiths, M.P., C. M. Alport, M.P., Dingle Foot and Lord Hailsham (Chairman). Admission free. Reserved seats and particulars from the Secretary, Racial Unity, 32, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of six lectures entitled "An Introduction to the Economic and Social History of the first half of the Seventeenth Century" will be delivered by Professor R. H. Tawney at 5 p.m. on January 29, February 5, 12, 19 and 26, and March 4, at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures on "The Conduct of War" will be given by Major-General Sir Ian Jacob at 5.30 p.m. on January 24 and 31 and February 7 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1 (entrance from Malet St. or Russell Sq.). Admission free, without ticket.

BACH, Berlioz and the B.B.C. Six lectures by Miss Rosemary Hughes, M.A., R.A.R.C.M., alternate Tuesdays from Jan. 29 at 7 p.m. Parties from Registrar, Newnan Assocn., 31 Portman Sq., W.1. WEL. 9958.

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Feb. 1-4: "The hypothesis of extra-sensory perception," J. Guilfoyle Williams. Feb. 8-11: "Freedom and responsibility," Otto Friedman.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Course of eight evening lectures on India, Pakistan and Ceylon. Mondays, January 28-March 31 (excluding February 11 and March 10), 6.15-7.45. London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, Keppel St., Gower St. Speakers: Sir John Russell, Dr. Percival Spear, Professor C. H. Philips, Professor Nicholas Mansergh, Sir Percival Griffiths. Fee: Complete Course 12s. 6d. Applications and enquiries to Director, Department of Extra-Mural Studies, Senate House, W.C.1.

INDIVIDUAL & Public Health: the Nature Cure Outlook. Jan. 21: R. St. B. Baker, "The Role of Trees." Jan. 28: E. J. Saxon, "How to Come to our Senses." Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1, 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. Parties of Series from N.C. Clinic, 13 Oldbury Place, W.1.

RUDOLF Steiner Education. The Easter Term of the Week-end Training Course for Teachers begins on Fri., Jan. 25. For details apply Training Course Sec., Waldorf School, 104 Fitzjohn's Ave., N.W.3.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. May. 4640, 3805.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Managerecsses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., Secs. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

LEARN Languages without Translation. The Pelman Languages Institute teaches French, German, Spanish, Italian without the use of English: the method is explained in four little books, one for each language; write for book and specimen lessons, sent gratis, post free. Reduced fees for serving and ex-Service members of H.M. Forces. Pelman Languages Institute, 67 Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore St., London, W.1.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

A COURSE at the Langham Secretarial College is the key to a successful future. Enrol early for September, 1952. Vacancies Dec. 26. Prospectus from Secretary, 18 Duncan St., Park Lane, London, W.1. (Tel.: MAYfair 2904-5.)

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual guidance. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Residence and day students accepted. New Courses Feb. 4. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

TUITION in shorthand, typewriting, bookkeeping. Refresher courses, etc. Mod. terms. (New session commencing shortly) Hall, 501 Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2. Tel. WHI. 6411 2.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

BAR Finals. Tuition courses given by a group of barristers. Next course starts Jan. 28. Write Box 8073.

PROBLEM pupils all ages; diploma'd graduate tutors academic and secretarial subjects. LAN. 2910 or Box 8275.

INTENSIVE secretarial training (Gregg) and evening classes Gregg and Pitman shorthand, typewriting. Mrs. King, 115 Gloucester Place, W.1. WEL. 5855.

MARIAN Naylor. Intensive Stage Training. Christchurch Studio Theatre, Regents Pk. Past students in Rep. on Tour. Coaching, auditions, exams. WIM. 2161.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Keesing's Contemporary Archives, 1946-1951—highest offer accepted; "Life and Letters"—complete, offers; Set Encyclopædia Britannica, 1950, red Morocco, as new, 50gns. near offer; Linguaphone French Course, unused, best offer; Recent Britannica, £45; 210-cm. hickory skis, steel edges, Kandahar bindings, £4 10s.; Ski-boots size 7 & 8, £2 10s.

WANTED: "Horizon," 9, 27 (offered: 11, 12, 15, 18, 17, 60); Concordance, such as Bartlett's Shakespeare, Tennyson Dictionary, etc.; good Literary Criticism; Mee's "I Say" and odds; Piano, upright, good but cheap.

Send us money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 83, 82 & 83

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Parin Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.